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The Shape of Things

ALTHOUGH THE WAR IN THE AIR GOES ON with unabated savagery, it is on the diplomatic front that the major strategic moves are being made. Unofficial but probably inspired reports from Berlin suggest an early effort to complete the *Gleichschaltung* of Vichy and to bring France into the war as a junior Axis partner. Von Ribbentrop, it is rumored, may shortly go to Vichy, and Laval is said to be in Paris now consulting with the German authorities there. Berlin sources also hint at important developments concerning Spain in the next few days. Certainly Franco could become an open belligerent with greater safety if France were induced to turn on its old ally, for Vichy still commands sufficient naval forces to add to the British problem of defending Gibraltar and blockading Spain. But however willing Marshal Pétain and his reactionary friends may be to prostitute themselves to Berlin, it seems incredible that they could actually join the war against Britain without a revolt occurring in unoccupied France and the colonies. The timing of Winston Churchill's stirring radio appeal to the French people suggests that London had news of the Axis plans and hoped to rally France against its unrepresentative government. Meanwhile the diplomatic struggle continues in the Balkans. Yugoslavia has all but surrendered to the Axis, following a large-scale Italian military demonstration on its borders, and Bulgaria appears ready to be "protected" in return for a strip of Greece.

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TRAFFIC IS MOVING AGAIN ON THE BURMA road after a disastrous experiment with appeasement. Unfortunately the work China has put in on the road in the interval may be largely offset by Japan's ability to bomb it from recently acquired Indo-China bases. It is hardly likely that the Japanese aviators will be able to stop traffic altogether over the road, but the Chinese must be prepared to suffer heavy losses of material. To make matters worse, Great Britain retreated at the last moment from its intention to open Hongkong as well as the Burma road. Despite the Japanese blockade of the South China coast, it is probable that a larger volume of supplies would have reached China via Hongkong than by the Burma road. Since more of them would have been smuggled, they would have been safer from aerial bombardment. Meanwhile, Japan is also encountering difficulty in maintaining a flow of essential war supplies. Although it has been reported that the Japanese mission in the Dutch East Indies was about to conclude an agreement providing Japan with 40 per cent of its oil requirements over the next six months, London dispatches insist that the British government has contracted for the East Indies' entire output of high-octane aviation gasoline. If this contract can be maintained against Japanese pressure, Japan may yet be obliged to cut down its terroristic bombing of defenseless Chinese cities.

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THERE IS TALK OF AN AMERICAN WHEAT loan to Franco. The idea is supposed to have originated in the mind of the unreconstructible Lord Halifax, who apparently has learned nothing from the catastrophic failure of his other attempts at appeasement. The effort to win Spain from the Axis was doomed from the day Barcelona fell to Franco and his fascist backers. To make the attempt today would be worse than idiotic; it would be a criminal betrayal of our own commitments to the democratic cause. It may be argued that just a little American wheat, carefully rationed, might prolong Spain's non-belligerency by a few useful weeks. But this is a dangerous and mistaken argument. The appointment of a solid pro-Axis Cabinet in Spain, with Suñer as Foreign Minister, is an open announcement that Franco's last independent card has been played. Himmler is now in Madrid to gather up the chips. No loan to Spain could produce results important enough to offset the wave of suspicion and anger such an act would set in motion in democratic circles of every country. President Roosevelt has said: "The people of the United States . . . reject the doctrine of appeasement. They recognize it for what it is, a major weapon of the aggressor nations." We believe the President meant what he said; and we cannot believe that he will sanction a loan to General Franco.

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BUT HEINRICH HIMMLER DID NOT HAVE TO go to Spain to collaborate with Franco. The execution of Luis Companys is another proof of the intimate relations existing between the Gestapo and its Spanish colleagues. The president of the former Catalan Republic was seized either in France or Belgium by Hitler's police and shipped to his executioners. According to reports from the Spanish border, he was tortured to death by the "*garrote vil.*" His death dramatizes the terror that parades as government in Franco's Spain. Companys was a liberal republican, known and loved throughout the country as a lawyer and writer who risked his high position to defend the Anarchists and other political opponents of the repressive regime in Barcelona prior to the rebellion of 1934. The execution of so moderate and so popular a leader confirms the charge that the terror in Spain has not been lessened during the nineteen months since the fall of the republic but on the contrary has grown more brutal and indiscriminate. It is known that many other famous anti-fascist Spaniards have been shipped to Franco by the Gestapo. The horrible death of Companys will not have been wholly in vain if it stirs the conscience of those who have the power to admit to the United States the victims of Hitler and his fellow-tyrants. Thousands of men and women will meet the fate of Luis Companys if the United States is unwilling to offer them asylum. The visit of Himmler to Madrid is notice that the time for saving them is short.

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MARTIN DIES IS HAVING A QUARREL WITH the State and Justice departments. His committee has turned up information about the activities of German consular agents in this country so incriminating that to spread it on the record in public official hearings would, it is said, make a final break with Germany inevitable. Some of the hush-hush officials in the State Department have apparently been arguing that such a break would be inadvisable because it would mean the withdrawal from Germany of our few remaining representatives, thereby cutting off our only sources of information there. On the basis of that part of the Dies data which appeared unofficially in the New York *Post* last week, we are paying a fantastic price for the service of a few representatives in Germany. The head devil of the Nazis in America is Friedhelm Draeger, German vice-consul in New York, who operates through all the German consulates and a network of organizations disguised as non-political business organizations which spend a great deal more than they ostensibly take in. Surely it should be obvious by this time that the only way to handle Nazi agents is to kick them out, and on this score Dies is right. But there is more than a hint that, as usual, Dies's larger objective is a rousing red-hunt. He now says that there are 5,000 potential saboteurs in Detroit alone, and among the subversive organizations he wants outlawed are the I. W. W., the Maritime Union, and the Transport Workers' Union. Stalin's paid agents deserve no better fate than Hitler's, but if Dies is following his characteristic technique of using the Nazi menace as a stick with which to attack the labor movement, we hope the Department of Justice will scan his evidence against workers with the utmost care and skepticism.

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WE ARE CERTAIN THAT IT CAN ALL BE explained, but just the same we feel a bit dazed by the whirling reports of the Gallup poll. "Shift to Willkie of Five States Seen" was a head in the New York *Times* of October 18. On the nineteenth came a story under the head "Few Voters Seen Shifting Choices." Subheads on the two successive days announced: "Gallup Survey Shows Swing of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Indiana, and Michigan" and "Gallup Survey Indicates That the Majority Have Not Been Swayed by Campaign." It seems that 10 per cent of the voters interviewed in one poll were Roosevelt supporters who had once been for Willkie, while 8 per cent were Willkie supporters who had once been for Roosevelt. This should leave Roosevelt 2 per cent up on the challenger, but another subhead on the eighteenth reported: "One Per Cent Increase in Popular Vote for Republican Nominee Also Is Indicated." Which appears to mean either that a good many hitherto uncommitted voters have just made up their minds in favor of Willkie or that the Gallup poll is chasing its tail. Campaign developments of the week hardly clarify matters. The President's decision to take to the hustings is interpreted by the Republicans as a sign of alarm, and the press is filled with reports of Willkie inroads into the vast Germanic vote of the Middle West. No incumbent nominee, however, has yet been known to sit silent through the last two weeks of a campaign; and if the Middle West shows a trend toward Willkie, that trend has been sadly misread by one of its leading organs of public opinion. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* which opposed Roosevelt in 1936 and for three months plumped for Wendell Willkie, now finds the latter's candidacy "singularly unconvincing, singularly empty of content."

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DESPITE URGING FROM NEGRO LEADERS, the Administration has as yet done nothing to assure Negroes who enter the army of the equality of treatment specified in the Selective Service Act. On the contrary, the President has announced that the army will continue its policy of separating white and Negro troops, which means discrimination of the most flagrant kind. It virtually precludes Negro officers, except as chaplains and doctors, in regular army units other than two National Guard regiments. It apparently bars Negroes from

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aviation, since the Adjutant General of the War Department recently declared that "applications from colored persons for flying-cadet appointment or enlistment in the Air Corps are not being accepted." The problem is certainly a ticklish one. A policy of full race equality would bring cries of anguish from many Southern Congressmen. Yet the fact remains that racial equality is one of the foundation stones of American democracy. And if the very army we summon to defend that democracy denies it in practice, we shall be getting off to a very bad start.

*

THE SECRECY SURROUNDING THE RIOM trials has been broken to the extent of revealing that grave criminal as well as political charges have been brought against Léon Blum, Paul Reynaud, and George Mandel. Blum has been accused of "betrayal of the duties of his charge, Mandel of "corruption and speculation," and Reynaud of "embezzlement of public funds." Among Blum's other shortcomings, it is said that he must have known that his Finance Minister, Vincent Auriol, was diverting funds earmarked for the national defense. While it is not unusual for the citizens of a defeated country to seek revenge on convenient scapegoats who can be loaded with full responsibility for the defeat, it is doubtful whether any trial has so offended normal human sensibilities as the farce at Riom. Even the Reichstag-fire trial, although patently a frame-up, did not attempt to vilify the names of the country's great patriotic leaders. A further indication of the depths to which the France of Laval and Pétain has fallen may be found in the new decrees barring Jews from high public office and from working with the press, radio, or movies. But it is obvious that the men who rule today at Vichy are not Frenchmen in any real sense of the word.

*

THE FIRST ARREST IN GANDHI'S NEW passive-resistance campaign occurred early this week when Vinoba Bhane was imprisoned for making pacifist speeches in defiance of the British government. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, second only to Gandhi in popular following, has announced his intention of following Mr. Bhane's example. It is believed that Gandhi's failure to offer himself for arrest results from his desire to prevent the movement from developing into a mass civil-disobedience campaign. Despite the provocation offered by the British government's rejection of the Congress demands for independence, Gandhi appears determined that nothing shall be done to weaken Britain in its hour of danger. Italy must have completely misinterpreted India's attitude if it supposed that its attack on Bahrein Island in the Persian Gulf would terrorize the Indian people into an uprising against Britain. The effect is likely to be exactly the reverse.

HUMAN LIVES ARE CHEAPER THAN SAFETY devices in the eyes of some American mine owners. No doubt they will continue to fight federal inspection and safety regulations despite the shocking report brought in by the United States Bureau of Mines on the Bates, Arkansas, disaster. An explosion in a Bates Coal Corporation mine last August, the third in eight years, took ten lives. The Bureau of Mines, investigating, found that all three explosions were due to the lack of the most elementary safety precautions and the use of a kind of cutting machine long listed as unsafe by the bureau. The Department of the Interior, in releasing the report, declares that it demonstrates the need for federal administration of mine-safety regulations. But even enactment of the mild Neely-Keller bill seems improbable. The bill provides only for federal inspection of mines and gives the Bureau of Mines no power other than that of publishing its findings. It passed the Senate unanimously but is still buried in the House Mines and Mining Committee. The head of this committee, long known as a friend of the mine owner, is Congressman Joe Smith of West Virginia. Smith's excuse has been that the Bituminous Coal Act already grants authority to make mine inspections. Secretary Ickes wrote a letter emphatically denying this. The subcommittee in charge of the hearings on the bill suppressed the letter. Fortunately it cannot suppress the report on the Bates disaster.

*

THREE CONTINENTS ARE AFLAME, AND WE are told every day by our isolationists how dangerous F. D. R.'s policy is. This country should mind its own business and get jobs for the unemployed by electing Willkie. The fascist deluge may devastate the earth, but the United States, under the direction of prosperous business men, will keep afloat like Noah's Ark until the rainbow heralding peace appears on the horizon. Such miracles happened in days of yore, though it is uncertain whether the majority of the Ark's passengers were New Dealers or Republicans. As for the conjurers of "splendid isolation," they remind us of a miracle worked by a rabbi who started on a journey on foot with his disciples one Friday evening. His pupils warned him that Saturday was near and that a pious Jew was not supposed to travel on the Sabbath. "Don't worry," they were told by the rabbi, "I trust that a wonder will help us." So they walked on, for they believed in the wisdom of their leader. "It is midnight," one of the disciples finally exclaimed. "Be composed," the rabbi answered. And then the miracle occurred. Ahead of the rabbi was Sabbath; behind him and to the right and the left of him was Sabbath; but where the rabbi and his pupils walked it was still Friday! Willkie's disciples seem to be counting on a similar miracle of isolation, complete with jobs for the unemployed and profits for needy millionaires.

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If This Be Ruin—

ONE of the weapons most frequently employed in Wendell Willkie's somewhat inadequate rhetorical arsenal is his assertion that, under the New Deal, the economic system of this country has been brought to a state of collapse. In recent speeches he has declared:

> The New Deal tactics have made it impossible for business to expand.—Minneapolis, October 19.
>
> The key to war as well as the key to peace is American production. . . . Our agencies of production were abused, attacked, smothered under a wave of political propaganda.—St. Louis, October 17.
>
> No Administration in the history of America has ever understood less about the problems and necessity of production than this one.—St. Louis, October 17.

The Republican candidate's devotion to this theme is not very flattering to his audiences. It suggests that they never bother to read the newspapers or to inform themselves about the business situation. Yet after learning from the headlines on page one that Willkie says the New Deal has ruined industry, we have only to turn to the back pages to read about rapidly expanding production and steeply rising profits. The Federal Reserve Board Index of Production, we find, stood at 125 in September, or 13½ per cent above the 1929 average. The automobile industry has scheduled a record output for October and now expects actual achievement to exceed the estimate. The profits of 400 leading corporations, according to a compilation made by the National City Bank, were 58.6 per cent greater in the first six months of this year than in the first half of 1939, representing an annual rate of return of 10.9 per cent as compared with one of 7 per cent. Are these the marks of economic decadence? As C. F. Hughes, the well-known financial writer, says in the New York *Times*, "Dreams of business 'flat on its back' must come from smoking campaign cigars, or else the speakers are talking about some other country."

When Mr. Willkie paints his highly imaginative pictures of the state of the nation under the New Deal, we sometimes wonder if he isn't copying from the photographic history of 1932. He never refers to that last dreadful year of Republican government, and we don't blame him if he wants to forget it. But we may be sure that most of the voters have longer memories. They may, with reason, feel that the WPA is an inadequate solution for unemployment, but they won't forget that in 1931 and 1932 the one expanding industry was apple-selling.

During those last two years of Republican rule industry really was down and out. Let us look at the record. In 1932 the physical volume of industrial production, as measured by the Federal Reserve Board index, was 58. After the election of Mr. Roosevelt it rose every year except in 1938, when it dropped to 88. Last year it was 108, and the average for the first six months of 1940 is 115. In 1932 national income dropped to $40,089 million; in 1939 it was $69,400 million. For the current year the *Nation's Business* estimates that it will exceed $74,000 million, and, allowing for lower prices, its purchasing power will be greater than that of the record national income of 1929.

It is also worth recalling that since Mr. Roosevelt first took office, farm income has almost doubled. In 1932 hogs brought from $2.75 to $4 per hundred pounds; in 1940 prices have ranged between $4.90 and $6.40. Corn at one time in 1932 was as low as 29 cents a bushel; today it is around 60 cents. Wheat averaged 42 cents in 1932; now, despite the loss of foreign markets due to the war and other causes beyond the government's control, it is around 85 cents.

Of course, Mr. Willkie may claim that it is unfair to compare conditions in the worst Republican year with those in the best Roosevelt year, when industry is receiving an artificial stimulus from the defense program. Let us then contrast the seven complete years of the New Deal—1933 to 1939 inclusive—with the last seven years of Republicanism, the years 1926 to 1932, which saw the Coolidge boom as well as the Hoover depression. For the earlier period the physical volume of industrial production averaged 89; for the seven Roosevelt years it averaged 92 (Federal Reserve Index. Average of 1935-39 equals 100). This refutes completely the assiduously circulated suggestion that after seven fat Republican years the country has suffered seven lean years under the New Deal.

We note also that while Mr. Roosevelt has been grinding business into the dust, commercial failures, as recorded by the Department of Commerce, have averaged 1,042 monthly. In the glorious Coolidge-Hoover days the monthly average was 1,784. Since the vast majority of business units in this country are small in size, these figures are obviously a reflection of the state of health of small business. As such they make a very illuminating comment on Mr. Willkie's contention that it is the little man who has been particularly injured by the New Deal.

It should be clear enough by now, however, that both Mr. Willkie and his fellow-representatives of big business have attempted to sell the country a fraudulent bill of goods on the economic consequences of the New Deal. Even the electric-utility industry, about which the Republican candidate ought to have some statistical information, has shown a consistent record of expansion during the years when Mr. Roosevelt has supposedly been killing it. In 1932 its average monthly output was 6,865 million kilowatt hours; in 1939 this had risen to 10,857 millions. Monthly output for the seven years

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ending 1932 averaged 7,182 millions; for the seven years ending 1939, 8,987 millions. If this be the kind of ruin the New Deal has brought on the country, we shall not be surprised if on November 5 the electorate chooses another helping of the same in preference to Mr. Willkie's warmed-over version of the famous Hoover chicken.

An Unappreciated Orator

COLONEL PHILIP B. FLEMING, in his administration of the Fair Labor Standards Act, has tried to win the good-will of both capital and labor. He has sought to please labor by his speeches and capital by his rulings. The speeches have eloquently resisted, the rulings have effectively furthered, the campaign to weaken the wage-hour law.

"Don't you think," Colonel Fleming asked in a broadcast interview last July, "it will be time enough to talk about longer hours after industry has absorbed the unemployed?" "It used to be fashionable in cynical circles," he asserted in an address last September, "to say that, of course, when we get bang up against the problem of girding the nation for defense, social legislation would all go up the chimney. . . . That talk is just nonsense. It is based on the false premise that our social and labor laws are mere candy sticks to keep the nation's workers from whimpering." "The necessity of preserving social gains," he explained to a business men's convention on October 10, is "not merely for humanitarian reasons but actually in the interest of maximum production." Were Colonel Fleming's duties confined to oratory, he would be one of labor's heroes.

When Colonel Fleming took over enforcement of the wage-hour law, it was rumored that it would be his task to do by interpretation what Congressional opponents of the act were then preparing to do by amendment. Earlier this year, to an American Newspaper Guild delegation protesting against proposed regulations affecting white-collar workers, Colonel Fleming denied he had any such intentions. The proposed regulations, to which the Newspaper Guild objected, have now been promulgated. They are but the latest of the steps Colonel Fleming has taken to weaken the act. He has redefined executive, administrative, and professional employees and outside salesmen in such a way as to bar several hundred thousand more workers from overtime pay. A man making as little as $30 a week may now be an "executive." Almost any white-collar worker may be regarded as an "administrative" employee. Newspapermen become "professional," an honor for which they must pay, for executives and persons in the second and third categories making more than $200 a month are exempt from the overtime provisions of the act. Colonel Fleming ingenuously explained that he made these new regulations because he did not think Congress intended the act to cover people like Hollywood stars or big business executives. It is a long jump from Clark Gable or David Sarnoff to the police reporter making $50 a week.

The labor movement, though it may be united on little else, is agreed on Colonel Fleming. The October issue of the *Federationist,* organ of the A. F. of L., criticizes his administration of the wage-hour law. *Labor,* organ of the Railroad Brotherhoods, regards him with suspicion. The *C. I. O. News* charges that his division has been hasty and inefficient in investigating wage-hour complaints made by the United Shoe Workers and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. Labor's Non-Partisan League has launched a campaign against him. Attacks have been made upon his record by two of labor's best friends in the House, Coffee on October 7 and Connery on October 14. Two facts cited by the former make it easy to understand labor's alarm. More than a year ago the joint pressure of the A. F. of L., the C. I. O., and the Brotherhoods obtained a $2,000,000 deficiency appropriation for the Wage-Hour Division at a time when anti-labor forces had hoped to render it powerless by a sharp reduction in its funds. On July 1, although the division is appallingly undermanned, Colonel Fleming returned an unexpended balance of $387,000 to the Treasury, enough to pay for 180 additional inspectors a year. Representative Coffee also called attention to the novel procedure followed by the Wage-Hour Division in handling complaints. The employer is asked to fill out a form on which he states whether or not he is violating the law. In at least one case the acting regional director for New England declined to act upon a complaint because "the employers state they have not violated the law." Labor regards this introduction of the honor system into employer-employee relations as premature.

Morale Is Not Enough

JUST because Britain continues to ward off invasion and because its morale is standing up magnificently under continuous air attacks, we should not give way to easy optimism. Winston Churchill said in the House of Commons recently that Britain is fighting primarily to survive, and that is the stark truth. What he did not say is that the chances of survival are at best no greater than fifty-fifty. Few Britons, of course, would admit for an instant that there is a danger of ultimate defeat, and their unshakable belief in final victory is one of their greatest sources of strength. Yet however important the moral factor may be, we must not forget that material factors remain decisive. Hence we must not be easily content with the economic aid we are now making accessible to Britain but must exert ourselves to multiply it.

Whether or not Germany launches a winter campaign

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against British positions in the Near East, we can be sure that the Nazi General Staff is making careful preparations for an offensive next spring which will be backed not only by the reserves of the Reich itself but by those of all the conquered countries of Europe. Economically these reserves are far more important than is generally recognized. Under the armistice terms France alone must pay a daily levy of 20 million marks and pay at an artificial exchange rate of 20 francs to one mark, which makes the mark almost equal to 50 cents. This adds up to 144 billion francs a year, or, translated into dollars, to $300 million a month. For many months the Nazis have been draining France to that tune, draining it of food, raw materials, finished goods, and even of machinery. It is interesting to compare this sum with American exports of war materials to Britain, which during the first eight months of this year have averaged under $50 million a month. And in the first year of the war our exports of all kinds to all British countries were at a rate of little over $200 million a month.

It has been estimated by *Standard Statistics* that in the present fiscal year the total outlay of the United States for defense purposes will aggregate $4½ billion, or $375 million a month. In other words, our efforts to achieve military preparedness, considerable as they are, will only add up to $75 million more per month than Hitler is extracting from conquered France. And if the economic proceeds of pressure on Poland, Denmark, Norway, Holland, and Belgium are taken into account, it will be seen that Germany is able to muster resources which, when added to its internal production, make available a war potential far outweighing anything we are yet ready even to contemplate.

The extent to which Germany is, in fact, mobilizing the economies of the countries it has overrun may be judged from a recent article in the *Deutsche Volkswirt* sternly warning the defeated peoples to cooperate actively with their conquerors or face the consequences.

> When the propertied classes in these countries [it says] draw up an honest balance sheet, they will realize that if they wish to salvage anything they must employ their remaining assets instead of guarding them carefully. . . . That means, above all, that they must endeavor day and night to incorporate their regional economy into the given conditions of the new Europe. . . . Above and beyond this the German authorities must expect that they will receive all and any support required to end this war as rapidly as possible.

There is, of course, a limit to the amount that the Nazis can squeeze out of their victims. When they have seized all accumulated stocks which are serviceable they can only take current production, and owing to disorganization of transport, shortage of raw materials, and lack of fuel, that is bound to remain at a low level. Indeed, it seems impossible that France, for instance, will be physically capable of paying the required levy in the form of goods for many months longer. But even so, the loot which Germany has been able to collect has enabled it to recoup its economic strength and will probably leave it with a wide margin over Britain when the spring comes.

In view of these facts, we must ask ourselves whether the scale both of our own defense preparations and of our assistance to Britain is at all adequate. When Hitler gets ready to undertake a final offensive against the British Isles he will have available, despite the blockade, an accumulation of the materials of destruction such as no army in history has ever before commanded. Hence, if his attack is to be hurled back and a counter-offensive undertaken, an even greater weight of material must be at the disposal of his enemies. The deciding factor in the war will almost certainly be economic. Potentially the democracies are superior in this field to the dictators, but they have still to learn how to mobilize fully their productive capacities.

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Mr. Madden and Morale

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, October 21

WHEN J. Warren Madden was appointed chairman of the National Labor Relations Board in 1935 he had been a professor of law at the University of Pittsburgh for eight years. Business men felt that this alone was sufficient guaranty that he would not turn out to be a liberal. A confidential report to du Pont de Nemours and Company, later uncovered by investigators for the La Follette committee, placed great reliance on this fact. It said that while Madden was disliked by employers during one month of service on the Pittsburgh regional labor board, his "background would imply that he would not be too much pro-labor. . . . He has been a professor at Pittsburgh U for a great many years, and this is an institution which surely is not renowned for its liberalism—and in fact several liberals have been unceremoniously kicked off the faculty." Another confidential memorandum on Madden, circulated by the secret Special Conference Committee representing twelve of our largest corporations, was less reassuring. This document, likewise a discovery of the La Follette committee, said Madden's reputation in Pittsburgh was that of "a sane, sound, conservative individual with both feet on the ground." But it had one ominous incident to report. There had been a labor dispute between the Pittsburgh Railways Company and the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees. Madden had been selected as chairman of the board of arbitration. "At that time," the memorandum declared, "investigation by the Pittsburgh Railways indicated that he was the type of man stated above, and was therefore acceptable to them as chairman." Pittsburgh Railways was cruelly deceived. "The decision handed down by him," the memorandum went on to explain, "was of such nature that it was plainly evident he was not as sound and conservative as was believed." The impostor had ruled in favor of the union.

The obscure, seemingly rather conservative law professor turned out to be consistently progressive, resilient under pressure, and amazingly competent. Business had a right to hope for better things from Mellon's own university. Enactment of the Wagner Act need not have been more than a nominal defeat for its opponents. The history of Section 7-a under the NRA showed what the interpretations of a Johnson or a Richberg could have done to render the act innocuous. Leo Wolman's career was encouraging, for it demonstrated the persuasive power of big business when applied to an academic personality. Francis Biddle's bitter experience as head of the old Labor Board in the Jennings case stood as a warning to successors who might try to take the law too seriously.

Madden failed to see the point. He proceeded to make a record that cannot be matched by any other administrative agency. Without Mr. Roosevelt's courage in frightening the Supreme Court out of its cobwebs, the Wagner Act might have been held unconstitutional. The President himself thus has first claim to credit for the board's record in the courts. But no small share is still left for Madden and his coworkers of the board, for though the Wagner Act had been held constitutional, there was still left a wide area in which the courts might have thrown out specific board orders on other grounds. The board has lost only two cases of twenty-six in the Supreme Court. If the Supreme Court is under suspicion of rejuvenation by Mr. Roosevelt, the board's record in the Circuit Courts may testify to its care and fairness. Of 623 Labor Board orders taken to the Circuit Courts for enforcement, only 45 have been modified and only 24 overruled. This record, made by the board under Madden's chairmanship, has been the boast of the New Deal. It would be strange if Madden were now to be rewarded by being denied reappointment.

One of the surprises in Madden's record is William Green's opposition to him, for Madden has been the champion of the craft unit. It was he who formulated the so-called Globe doctrine, by which each craft in a plant votes separately on whether it wishes to join the other employees in an industrial union or to bargain through its own craft. The Finch case illustrates the extreme to which Madden was prepared to go in the application of that doctrine. A majority of the workers in a distillery voted for an industrial union. The one lone carpenter in the plant voted to bargain by himself. The majority of the board—at that time the two Smiths—ruled that the carpenter must bow to the majority and join the industrial union. Madden dissented. He thought the one carpenter should have the right to do his own individual bargaining for his own "craft unit." One would expect the C. I. O., not the A. F. of L., to be opposing Madden. One wonders whether Green understands Madden's position; there is sometimes confusion in the top leadership of the A. F. of L. Two years ago it apparently mistook the innocuous Donald Smith for the militant Edwin Smith, and successfully fought against the reappointment of the former in the belief that he

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was the latter. The A. F. of L. denies it made any such error, but the consensus of opinion in the press corps here is that the story is true. Even if the A. F. of L. cannot tell two Smiths apart, it should be able to distinguish between a Smith and a Madden, the former more friendly to the industrial unit, the latter to the craft. Or is Green's opposition really based on Madden's unwillingness to shut his eyes to the attempt of certain A. F. of L. locals to substitute collusive for collective bargaining?

In the fight against Madden big business is glad to have the help of Green, whatever his motives. The composition of the Labor Board would take on added importance if labor should succeed in obtaining an executive order forcing defense contractors to obey its rulings. A weak or divided board, unable or unwilling to enforce the Wagner Act, might nullify that victory. That is why Madden's reappointment is crucial for labor, and that is why John L. Lewis has been asking for both an executive order and the reappointment as the price of his indorsement of Mr. Roosevelt. The decision rests with the President. Senators Thomas and Wagner have assured him that Madden can be confirmed. The Senate, which has seen Madden in action in one investigation after another, has a high regard for his ability. After his appearance before the Senate Judiciary Committee in 1938 on the Burke resolution to investigate the board, Senator Burke joined the rest of the committee in a unanimous vote against his own resolution. Madden's testimony last year before the Senate Labor and Education Committee on proposed amendments to the Wagner Act transformed Senator Ellender's attitude from hostility to friendship and won the respect even of Taft and Holt.

Madden's reappointment would reassure labor, restore the morale of the Labor Board, encourage other administrative agencies. If Madden is dropped despite his record, the lesson for these quasi-judicial bodies is demoralizingly clear. It would be safer for them to be quasi-political.

Willkie Sets in the West

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Boise, Idaho, October 15

AS THIS is written, the election is just three weeks away. If the people of the Far West voted tomorrow, Wendell Willkie would be beaten in practically every state between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific. He might have an outside chance in Colorado. Certainly he would lose in Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, Arizona, and New Mexico.

What factors are responsible for this? What circumstances might possibly change the situation? Can Willkie, at the eleventh hour, yet breach the fortifications which the New Deal has erected in the great open spaces?

Willkie's tour of the West was a complete washout. It is no exaggeration to say that the Elliott Roosevelt episode probably brought him more votes. Turner Catledge of the New York *Times* summed up the result mildly when in an interview at Portland he said, "Willkie seems to have failed to strike fire." This failure to ignite enthusiasm may be traced directly to the candidate's speeches. He blamed the President for every disaster since the San Francisco earthquake. He promised all things except eternal youth and perpetual motion. With one breath he extolled those two indomitable isolationists, Hiram Johnson and the late Senator Borah, and with the next urged greater aid to Britain and China. In the cattle country he denounced the purchase of Argentine beef, and at Treasure Island, in San Francisco harbor, he spoke glowingly for expanded trade. He generally began his speeches with a condemnation of New Deal spending and extravagance, and ended by promising bigger old-age pensions, continuation of relief, and the completion of Bonneville, Grand Coulee, and Shasta dams. At one wayside stop in California he seemed to feel so keenly the presence of the ghost of his Commonwealth and Southern connection that he got off this masterpiece: "When I was in private business I fought for the interests of those who employed me to the best of my ability, and if you elect me President, I'll fight for the country as I have for business in the past."

The hydroelectric-power speech in Portland, where in 1932 Roosevelt pledged himself to develop the Columbia River, was to have been Willkie's most daring effort in the West. No other issue was so dangerous for him. He had to meet it. A brief analysis may give the measure of his success. He started off with a rebuke to the President for doubling the national debt. Then he promised to complete the $394,000,000 Grand Coulee project, an undertaking which he had specifically criticized in 1937. As if making a great concession, he said local communities could decide whether they preferred public or private distribution of power. (This was a privilege he was a little late in conferring; in 1902, before Willkie was out of grade school, the people of Seattle voted to

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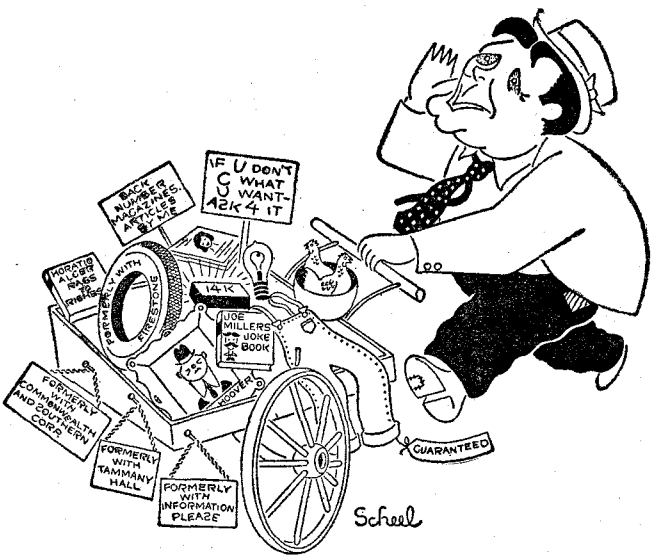
build a power plant on the Cedar River.) Willkie implied that the federal government should be neutral as between private companies and public agencies, but he aroused the greatest applause when he praised his running-mate, Senator McNary, whose neutrality in this controversy may be judged from Section 4 of the Bonneville Dam Act, which McNary sponsored in Congress. This runs, "In order to insure that the facilities for the generation of electric energy at the Bonneville project shall be operated for the benefit of the general public, and particularly of domestic and rural consumers, *the administrator shall at all times, in disposing of electric energy, give preference to public bodies and cooperatives.*"

In the five days immediately following Willkie's talk, 1,257 new Republicans registered in Portland and 2,009 Democrats. A poll conducted by the *Oregonian* showed that the Republican candidate slipped three points. A similar poll taken in the San Francisco Bay region showed him dropping four points after he made his speech there on foreign affairs. The ineptness of the whole tour was incredible. Mass singing at the rally for Willkie in Portland was led by a florist whose shops are on the A. F. of L. unfair list.

Attempts were constantly made to induce legitimate labor leaders to met the Willkie train, but they invariably failed. Dave Beck of Seattle, Paul Gurske, president of the Oregon State Federation of Labor, Ralph Peoples and John Brost of the C. I. O., and practically all other union officials in this area are wearing Roosevelt buttons. The only opposition to the President in the ranks of labor is coming from Harry Bridges and others who follow the Communist Party line.

A report now is current that John L. Lewis intends to oppose the reelection of the President. So far as the West is concerned, I am certain this would damage Lewis a good deal more than it would Roosevelt. It would align him with the allegedly Communist elements in his own unions, and it also would make it appear that, for the moment at least, he had the same political objective as the Associated Farmers and other labor-hating factions along the Pacific seaboard. I cannot forget standing in the headquarters of the Miners' Union in Butte in February and hearing men curse Lewis as a traitor to labor because of his attacks on the President. I am sure that for every lumberjack, miner, and longshoreman he manages to turn against the President, he will turn a score against himself.

In the community of St. Johns, where many of Oregon's sawmills and lumber yards are located, Willkie spoke of his fealty to the cause of labor. In the five following days 104 Republicans and 511 Democrats registered to vote in St. Johns. Yet in spite of all this the bulk of the press described his trip as a great triumphal journey and a conqueror's progress. Only two large daily papers hereabouts—the *Oregonian* of Portland and the



Seattle *Post-Intelligencer,* published by John Boettiger—appear to be trying to give an objective account of the campaign. The small Coos Bay *Times* is the only daily giving Roosevelt unreserved editorial adherence.

To date the Republican campaign in the Far West has been a colossal failure. With much slimmer finances Oscar Chapman, former Assistant Secretary of the Interior, has staged a notably more aggressive drive for the Democrats. Zeal for the Willkie cause has oozed away. Not even the popular Senator McNary seems to be able to counteract the poor showing Willkie himself has made. People now say they are voting Republican not because they like Willkie but because they dislike Roosevelt. The emphasis has shifted. "No Third Term" buttons have replaced Willkie insignia.

After traveling 4,000 miles in eight Far Western states in recent weeks I am convinced that this region today is a Roosevelt fortress. Willkie might win narrowly in Colorado, where he spent his vacation on the plateau below Pike's Peak, yet I doubt it. In the rodeo parade at Colorado Springs Willkie rode amid silence up Las Animas Street, where many of the railroad workers live. He got no cheers until the procession reached Pike's Peak Avenue and the business district. Willkie himself has seemed to sense this situation. When his train stopped in the Washington lumber town of Kelso, he recognized that his listeners were not for him. "Study both sides before casting your ballot," he said. "Don't make up your mind until you hear every argument."

A Union Pacific stewardess said to me, "Most of the folks on the Challenger are for Roosevelt. Those on the Overland wear Willkie buttons." The Challenger carries coaches and tourist sleepers; the Overland Limited is made up exclusively of standard Pullman cars. And on the Shasta route of the Southern Pacific a gray-haired conductor observed, "There aren't half a dozen men working on this division who don't intend to vote for Roosevelt." The evidence now is that the President has a fee-simple claim on the sixty-five electoral votes this side of the Continental Divide.

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There is but one issue which might reverse all these calculations, and that is the President's foreign policy. Though the alliance between Tokyo and the Axis has jarred isolationist sentiment, it has not dispelled it. The fact cannot be overlooked that a majority of the Senators from the Far West voted to restrict the service of the National Guard to the United States and its possessions. Five of the eight Senators from the Pacific Northwest opposed conscription. Senator McNary, Willkie's running-mate, supported the amendment delaying the draft. Most of the prominent Western Senators in Mr. Roosevelt's own party—Wheeler of Montana, Worth Clark of Idaho, Bone of Washington, Edwin Johnson and Adams of Colorado, Downey of California—are unyielding isolationists. Both Democratic and Republican politicians have told me that if Willkie had come out against the Burke-Wadsworth bill, the President would not be sure of a single Far Western state.

The people of the West want cheap electric power, old-age pensions, good housing, soil and forest conservation, decent working conditions. But above all they want their country to keep out of war. If Willkie, by one of his sudden turnabouts, can present himself successfully as an outright peace candidate there is no predicting what might happen. He would be helped in such an effort should Hiram Johnson, as now seems likely, declare for him. Johnson was hot about Willkie's strongly pro-British speech at San Francisco, but he was considerably more annoyed by the President's jab at him just before the California primaries. Moreover, he is a close friend of McNary's.

There are indications that the Republicans in the West are getting ready to make a last-minute appeal to this isolationist sentiment. Some G. O. P. leaders say, "Willkie went down the line on an interventionist policy, and still Dorothy Thompson and Lippmann have given him the needles. Now let's go after the Johnson-Borah-Wheeler faction. They'll appreciate us more." Already General Johnson is talking about Willkie as the peace candidate and Roosevelt as the war candidate. If this becomes the official Republican strategy, the New Deal's apparently safe margin in the West may be imperiled.

Only by crowding Roosevelt away from the rail on the peace question, will Willkie have any chance in a region which has been solidly New Deal in the last two national elections. Westerners have always been acutely conscious of the Japanese navy, and the political prospect could change overnight if the President appeared to be either too submissive or too bellicose. Many men and women in this part of the country believe the election should have been in the main a referendum on foreign policy. One of the shrewdest Republicans in the Northwest said to me not long ago, "For all Willkie's glamour, Bob Taft would have worn better over the long pull. A ticket of Taft and McNary, running on a peace plank and promising strong defense but positively no foreign entanglements, would have been far stronger in the West than Willkie."

Why I Am for Roosevelt

[*To support our contention that the issues of the impending election transcend normal party lines and traditional American groupings, we have asked five prominent individuals who might be expected to oppose the reelection of Franklin D. Roosevelt to state why they are in fact supporting him.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Member of the Board of Editors of Fortune

SO FAR as I can see I am a unique American: I face the political campaign with relative equanimity so far as domestic issues are concerned. If Wendell Willkie is victorious, I do not expect to see the social gains of the New Deal canceled; at most they will be modified. Social security, soil conservation, the protection of minimum labor standards, and so on, all seem to me here to stay for a while. If Roosevelt wins, why so much the better on the domestic front for a majority of the population. But if Willkie wins, I don't think the common man needs to head for the storm cellar.

On foreign policy, however, I am afraid of Mr. Willkie. This may seem odd for a so-called "isolationist," for Willkie has been going about making a tacit appeal to keep-out-of-war sentiment. Maybe my fear calls for some explanation.

For a year now I have been a member of the board that sponsors the mimeographed weekly *Uncensored*. Knowing that *Uncensored* is suspicious of our State Department, people are forever asking me how I can be both for Roosevelt and for an "isolationist" attitude toward Europe and Asia. This "either-or" demand gives me an acute pain. My "isolationism," if any, is neither pacifist nor Communist nor Socialist anti-war policy, nor is it Middle Western inability to realize that the world is round and finite. I base my view on the realistic observation that "collective security" in international affairs has never worked, for reasons which Alexander Hamilton made plain long ago in the *Federalist*. If anyone cares to look into several book columns which I wrote for the New York *Times* in 1934 and 1935 he will see that I

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knew the League of Nations would fail, that "sanctions" would fail, that Europe was in for it, and that we would be forced to fall back on the luck of our geographical position and the strength of our own right arm. An old-fashioned alliance with England and France to hold the Germans down might have worked, but by 1935 it was too late to reverse the trend of a decade. As for the Stimson doctrine in Asia, it was Quixotic moralism; we had thrown away the ships necessary to restrain Japan at the Washington conference in 1921-22.

With the expectation that the Versailles system would crumble, my feeling was then, as it is now, that the best we could do was to batten down our hatches and make the best of it. Strategically, with the oceans on our flanks, we had a chance of surviving as a democracy even with the entire outer world committed to a different system. The confusions and divided counsels that reigned in England, in France, in the China of Chiang Kai-shek's anti-Communist campaign, in Czechoslovakia, in Spain, and in other democratic countries right up to 1938 made it impossible for us to take the lead in forcing the world to conform to our pattern—assuming that we had a pattern for export—and we had no navy or military force capable of telling the "have-not" powers where to get off in their own particular spheres. To pretend that we had, as Roosevelt sometimes seemed to be doing prior to last May, seemed to me dangerous illusion. To help prevent any revival of that illusion I remain a sponsor of *Uncensored,* which, for all its mistakes, is a valuable watchdog.

It is my guess, however, that the watchdog is merely a bit of extra insurance. The logic of events has forced the Roosevelt government back to my original position: defend the Western Hemisphere! If Germany is having such difficulty crossing Dover Strait, which is hardly wider than Long Island Sound, I don't see how Hitler and Mussolini and/or Japan are going to bother us in our hemisphere provided we take the precaution of arming and of manning a few advanced bases between now and next spring. Conversely, I don't see how we are to land an expeditionary force in Europe or in Asia. The fact of the matter is that the so-called "interventionists" among us have no freedom of maneuver; they, like the "isolationists," are limited by the facts of geography to measures calculated to bolster the ability of the United States to preserve freedom for itself.

The point I am working up to is this: that to defend ourselves in our own hemisphere almost anything goes at this stage of the game. Since the Germans are in France and the Japanese are in Indo-China, we are deprived of the opportunity to thrust an unready army into dangerously exposed salients. It was in the cards from the beginning that we should be deprived of that opportunity. But we need not fear "angering" Hitler or Mussolini or Japan, for even if they win in Europe and in Asia I don't think they can touch us, once our factories and shipyards begin to produce. If "aid to Britain" promises to give us more time to arm, as it patently does, then I am all for that aid—although I think it wise to get a quid pro quo whenever possible, as in the destroyer deal. If it is possible to bluff Japan out of descending on the Dutch East Indies *pronto,* then I am for that bluff. The more we can confuse the Axis powers the better for the impregnability of our own isolationist position in 1941. If we choose to threaten and bully Hitler, it can only help us to get the better of him if we have eventually to trade with a Fascist Europe later on. Hitler understands bullying; he doesn't understand "neutrality."

Implicit in my argument is the need for arming without delay to take advantage of our fine strategic position. And this brings me back to Wendell Willkie. Regardless of Willkie's personal ability, which may be considerable, the Republican candidate is, after all, the leader of a party that is doing its level best to spread confusion in the body politic. I have before me the copy of an advertisement of the First National Bank of Englewood, Chicago, which appeared in the Chicago *Tribune* for October 10. The advertisement reads: "In a last stand for democracy, every director and officer of the bank will cast his vote for Wendell Willkie." The attitude that lies behind those words seems to me ominous, divisive, and dangerous; it is the attitude of men of little faith. If we are to read between the lines, it seems to me that the officers of the First National Bank of Englewood are trying to tell us that democracy can only be trusted when the "best people" are in office. That was the theory of Stanley Baldwin and of the French rightist governments —and as a theory it has proved 100 per cent wrong. Democracy, in fact, is safe only when it is in the hands of people who are absolutely certain that it is the way of the future for their country come hell or high water; one cannot build it on a distrust of the masses.

I am sure that Willkie is a genuine democrat, with a small *d.* But I think his party would antagonize the very people who must be counted on to arm us and, if necessary, to fight for us. It is as simple as that. Accordingly, I intend to vote for Roosevelt.

JOHN G. WINANT

Former Republican Governor of New Hampshire

IN 1935 I FELT that peace was the prime issue before the peoples of the world. For this reason I went to work with the International Labor Office in Geneva. I returned for a brief period to help organize social security in this country because I believed that if democracy in the United States was to continue to function it must rest on a fairer social base. These five years have convinced me that neither peace nor political democracy has been sufficiently identified with the welfare of the common man.

The great contribution of the Roosevelt Administra-

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tion, in my opinion, has been its conception of democracy not as something static but as a living, unifying agency of social change extending the social and economic benefits of society to a larger section of the entire people under a wider measure of popular control. Two factors which have marked the change have been the annihilation of time as it relates to distance, whether in communication or transportation, and the extension of common-school education to the masses. The first has greatly complicated international relationships; and the second has not kept pace in all countries with the mechanization which has tended to centralize authority without always protecting individual rights.

The long years of depression and unemployment, in connection with an intensified nationalism which blocked goods and men from crossing frontiers, forced governments into experimentation in order to maintain political control. This has been a universal experience. The result has been constructive in some countries, in others detrimental, depending upon the objectives and methods and procedures employed. In the dictatorships the rights of the people have been subverted. In the remaining democracies the fundamental rights of free speech, free press, assembly, freedom of worship, and habeas corpus and trial by jury have been retained, and measures for the common welfare have been extended. It is well to remember that in Germany and in Italy the dictators came to power through an attack on communism which was financed by reactionary groups, while in Great Britain and the United States the central drive has been to protect the individual through progressive reforms and to give to him an increasing participation in the enactment of those reforms.

To defend democracy is not warmongering. The condemnation of brutality, treachery, and aggression and the support of humanitarian action, fair play, and a good-neighbor policy are welcomed by free men of courage everywhere. I agreed with President Roosevelt when he told the world after Munich:

> There can be no peace if the reign of law is to be replaced by a recurrent sanctification of sheer force. There can be no peace if national policy adopts as a deliberate instrument the threat of war. There can be no peace if national policy adopts as a deliberate instrument the dispersion all over the world of millions of helpless and persecuted wanderers with no place to lay their heads. There can be no peace if humble men and women are not free to think their own thoughts, to express their own feelings, to worship God.

I have talked with representatives of the organized workers in all the democratic countries of the world as well as with representatives of social and civic groups. I know of no other man who has the trust of the common people of those countries as President Roosevelt has. I know of no one else who can so inspire their faith and confidence. This is in part the result of circumstances; in large measure, however, it is the result of the dynamic force and vital sympathy of a courageous character. In meeting the problems of these troubled times, in sustaining the hope and courage of the peoples of the democratic countries, and eventually in bringing support for a just and lasting peace, this influence is essential. It is an asset that cannot be transferred.

Over a period of years, with infinite tact and patience and good-will, our "good neighbor" relations with the Latin American republics have been developed. These relations have recently, through the Act of Havana, been strengthened in a pact for hemisphere defense. We need to continue in office the men who are responsible for a friendly South American policy.

The frontiers of democracy are receding. The friendly European countries that faced us on the Atlantic, sharing our common ideals of free government, have for the most part been overrun by totalitarian despotism. Great Britain, by its gallant struggle, still keeps its fleet between our shores and those powers that today offer stark threat against the principles by which free men live. Even if there were no ties of blood or common heritage of democratic faith and ways of life, enlightened self-interest, in my opinion, dictates the policy of "all aid to England short of war." In the life-and-death struggle taking place across the sea, time is of the essence. Even a temporary interruption through change of government might have fateful results, not only to Great Britain but to ourselves.

Skill and experience in business are very real; but skill and experience in government are even more vital. I do not believe that Franklin Roosevelt wanted to succeed himself. I believe he is again a candidate through force of circumstance. I believe his leadership is needed today in this period of tragic struggle in support of democracy and in defense of our homeland.

VAN WYCK BROOKS

Literary Historian and Socialist

ALTHOUGH I AM a Socialist I am voting for President Roosevelt this year because I do not feel that Norman Thomas is realistic regarding the present world crisis. I do not see how we can hope to keep our democracy alive unless we are prepared to defend it strongly; and it seems to me that never before have we needed so much Jefferson's idea of a universal citizen army. With a powerful system of defense we may ward off war; without it we shall invite war, and we should certainly lose that war. So I am also in favor of every possible aid to England. I admire the President's foreign policy and wish to see it continued, and it seems to me that the most convincing proof of our internal strength would be the maintenance of our present Administration.

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GIFFORD PINCHOT

Former Republican Governor of Pennsylvania

TWO LIFELONG DEMOCRATS—one recently turned Republican—are running for the Presidency. That is one reason why politics ought to play so small a part in deciding which of them to vote for. Vastly more important reasons are to be found in the situation of the country and the world, and in the training and experience of the two men.

I disregard the third-term tradition: first, because it was never made for an emergency like this; secondly, because the emergency is greater than the tradition; and, thirdly, because when normal times come back, the American people can return to the tradition, as I have no doubt they will. I am and have long been for a single term of six years.

In this crisis traditions and party politics alike are out of place. Local matters should give way to the safety of the nation. Just one question remains: One of two men will be our next President; which of them is the best man to see our country through this dangerous time?

Look at them, and take your choice. One of them, Mr. Roosevelt, is beyond dispute the most widely experienced man in America in conducting the national government and in handling our foreign relations. The experience and training of the other, Mr. Willkie, in these two fields is exactly zero.

He has had no experience whatever in government. He has, so far as I have been able to learn, never handled the affairs of a state, a city, a county, a township, or even a village. He simply has never learned how. But Mr. Willkie's unfamiliarity with government at home, highly important as that is in a time like this, is as nothing compared to his complete lack of training and experience in handling our relations with other countries. That, to my mind, is the key to the whole matter. In this tremendous storm I cannot vote to set at the head of this nation a man who is utterly untrained and inexperienced. Would you put a green hand in charge of the ship in the worst hurricane that ever blew?

To my mind, the peace and security of our country come first. Compared with that, nothing else counts, and nothing else has a right to count. I am supporting Roosevelt because he offers the best chance we have for security and peace. I am for Roosevelt because he knows the ropes and because his foreign policy is sound and fine. I am against Willkie because he does not know the ropes, because he has no training for the job, because he is incompetent to handle it, and because the country would not be safe in his hands.

I make no reference here to Mr. Willkie's history as a utility lobbyist and magnate—matters which would bulk large with me in ordinary times. I do not discuss his fight on TVA or the methods his companies employed. I say nothing here about Mr. Willkie's backers—Wall Street, public utilities, concentrated wealth—or about his vague generalities and incredible promises. Even these things, vital in ordinary times, sink into the background now. One question stands out. What is best for the United States?

Suppose you owned a farm. Would you hire a man to run it who had never plowed an acre or milked a cow? I think not. I think you would look for a man who knew how.

JAMES N. ROSENBERG

Corporation Lawyer and Philanthropist

WITH CARL SCHURZ and other refugees from the Germany of 1848 my grandfather came to find freedom in this country. He and my father were rock-ribbed Republicans. So was I for forty years. In 1928 and in 1932 I voted for Mr. Hoover, with whom I had long worked in the American Relief Administration.

But in 1936 I gave up the Republicanism of all those years. It was not—it is not—easy for me. It meant breaking with a long past. It continues to be difficult. But the times call on us to lay aside every consideration but the crucial one—that of best safeguarding our liberties, now threatened by world assault. There is much I like and admire about Wendell Willkie. In many respects he has shown himself forthright and clear—much clearer than many of his political bedfellows. He has done some fine things in this campaign. When he issued his stirring statement on civil liberties, when he spoke out vigorously in condemnation of bigots, I was happy to express publicly my admiration of his uncompromising and courageous stand. I rejoice in his frank recognition of the need for aid to Great Britain.

But the gravity of the Presidential choice now before us transcends all these considerations. In every aspect of foreign policy President Roosevelt's position seems to me to be sound and wise, and it is plain that the majority of his party agree with that policy. I cannot say the same for the Republicans; the events of the past two months show that if Mr. Willkie is elected it does not at all follow that he will carry his party with him. I think we have, therefore, reason to fear that a Republican victory may mean the ascendancy of the Hiram Johnson philosophy in our international relations. Are we to forget that most of the Republicans in Congress opposed revision of the neutrality law and tried to prevent conscription; that it was Republican Senators and Representatives who fought President Roosevelt's proposal for a 20 per cent navy increase in 1938? How can we dare place such a party in the saddle? Can we turn over the reins of government to a driver who has supported conscription of men and opposed conscription of industry?

The ultimate issue is not of our choosing. It is the threat which Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini, and the war lords

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of Nippon have thrust at us. Against that threat Roosevelt's superb leadership is clearly, in my opinion, our best assurance for the preservation of our democracy.

When it comes to the domestic situation, I find that the Republican Party, which has for eight years—in season and out—assailed the Roosevelt program and purposes, now gives them lip service in its platform. Though the details of administration of the Roosevelt program have left a good deal to be desired, I am bound to say that I prefer to leave the improvement of administration of these enlightened laws to their friends, the Democrats, rather than to their foes, the Republicans.

We Need Not Fight in Asia

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

FOR the first time since the beginning of Japan's unwarranted and undeclared war on China, there is serious danger that the United States may be drawn into the conflict. We should not underestimate the gravity of the situation. The proposed evacuation of some 16,000 Americans from China, Korea, and Japan is an extraordinarily drastic move. It would seem to indicate that the State Department rates the chances of war as extremely high. Already exceptional military precautions are being taken. The Pacific fleet has been strengthened; additional troops have been moved to Hawaii; discussions are under way for use of the British naval base at Singapore.

Some observers insist that we are already at war with Japan. They see the abrogation of the trade treaty, the recent embargoes on aviation gasoline and scrap iron, and our insistence on the reopening of the Burma road as progressive steps in what can end only in a full-dress military conflict. This, of course, is nonsense. Wars do not grow inevitably out of diplomatic controversies, nor yet out of trade disputes. They develop only when some country feels capable of gaining by military might ends which cannot be achieved by peaceful means. Japan will not fight merely because it is balked; it has been balked repeatedly in the last few years. It will fight only if it sees the prospect of victory.

The real danger of our position at the moment lies not in the fact that we have dared to oppose Japan's dream of empire but in the fact that we have not adopted strong enough measures to make our opposition effective. As has been repeatedly pointed out in *The Nation,* the United States has the power to cripple Japan by an all-inclusive trade embargo. But the piddling restrictions thus far adopted have served only to irritate the Japanese military clique without effectively curbing its activities. Ordinary gasoline, oil, machinery, lead, copper, cotton, and semi-finished steel are still supplied to Japan. Huge amounts of foreign exchange are being provided by our purchases of Japanese silk. Our loans to China, though helpful, have been negligible compared with what it needs to expel the invader. They have been for the purpose of stimulating American exports rather than providing China with the planes, tanks, guns, and other military equipment necessary for successful defense. The fact that neither our aid to China nor our penalties against Japan could be weighed on the same scales, in realistic terms, with our continuing economic assistance to Japan has rendered our policy futile.

Having adopted a series of dangerous half-measures, the State Department seems content to allow most essential war materials to flow to Japan, even though the Japanese are thereby strengthened for an eventful showdown with the United States. Some persons charge Washington with insincerity. They say that if it had really wished to help China, it could have done so on many occasions, and that it has been merely playing China off against Japan without desiring a victory for either. This, I believe, is unfair. Many persons in the United States have been against this or that element in the only kind of program that could have restrained Japanese aggression. Taken together, the opponents of action have constituted a formidable minority which could not easily be disregarded in a democracy.

There are still those among us who would appease Japan, either as a means of staying out of war or in order to permit us to concentrate our energies against Hitler, but most of the advocates of this policy changed their views after the signing of the Tripartite Alliance. Few of those who were urging a deal with Japan three or four months ago have repeated the suggestion in recent weeks. A more serious obstacle to effective action today is the belief that this country has already done all that is necessary. The overwhelming support for the scrap-iron embargo shown in last week's Gallup poll seems based on the assumption that it means a strong stand has at last been taken against Japan. Few persons are aware that American exports of semi-manufactured iron and steel, metal-working machinery, crude petroleum and fuel oil, copper, and raw cotton to Japan have been substantially higher this year than last, and that imports from Japan have also risen.

As a further complication, there seems to be an increasing number of persons who, though sympathetic to

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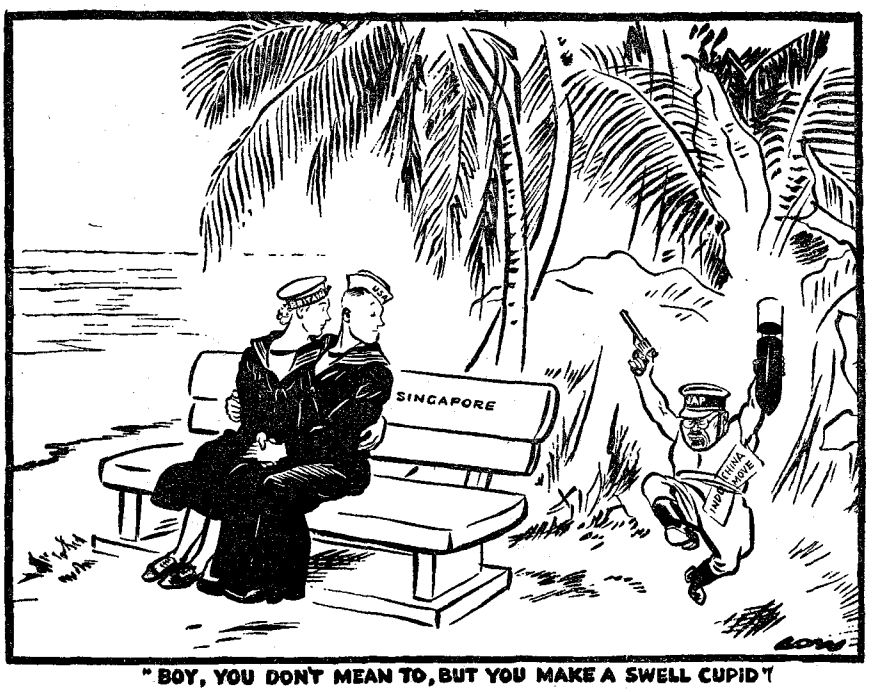
China, are fearful that even the mildest military precautions in the Pacific will bring on a war that will be fought, not for China, but for an extension of our interests in the Pacific. Some basis for their fears does, in truth, exist. If war develops from the ineptness of our policy, it will not be a war to save China—China could have been saved without war—but a straight conflict of interests between the United States and Japan. To draw back now, however, sacrificing China, would not lessen the danger of such a conflict any more than the sacrifice of Czechoslovakia guaranteed "peace in our time."

Much of the opposition to a vigorous policy could be cleared away if it were generally recognized that Japan can be stopped without war and without great cost. To achieve this end, however, we must rid ourselves of the deadly virus of inaction and utilize means that Japan's leaders understand and respect. The day of note writing and appeals to broad humanitarian ideals has passed. The Tripartite Alliance is an accomplished fact. We are facing a ruthless and implacable enemy, but, fortunately, one that is far weaker than is ordinarily suspected. No one who has studied Japanese foreign policy during the past year can escape being impressed by the relative timidity of Japanese action. This has been especially noticeable in recent months under the super-nationalistic Konoye government. There has been much talk about Japanese destiny in the South Seas—but no action to seize the Dutch East Indies, which, a few weeks ago at least, could have been had for the taking. Similarly in Indo-China Japan wasted valuable weeks seeking a diplomatic settlement with Vichy instead of pushing ahead in buccaneer fashion as was its custom in the past. Talk of retaliation against the United States for its trade embargoes has not materialized.

Japan's relative weakness allows us to act without any real danger of becoming involved in war. But the action must be decisive and broad enough to prevent effective retaliation. The first step obviously must be to make the most of Chinese resistance by supplying Chiang Kai-shek with sufficient war materials to enable him to take the offensive against the invader. That means more than cotton, trucks, and medical supplies. It means, above all, planes and artillery. If we had been sending to China a mere fraction of the aid we have been giving Britain, we would not now face a threat from the Far East.

Simultaneously, the President should utilize the powers at his disposal to stop all trade with Japan, imports as well as exports. The power to stop exports is provided by the May Defense Act, under which the shipment of arms, implements of war, aviation gasoline, and scrap iron has been barred. Section 338 of the Tariff Act of 1930 gives the Executive power to proclaim an increase in customs duties on the product of any country which discriminates against the United States and, if the discrimination continues, to ban all imports from that country. Many instances of flagrant discrimination against American trade could be cited, both in the Japanese-occupied sections of China and in Japan itself. With Japan lacking gold and foreign assets, a ban on imports would probably be even more effective than an embargo on exports. For one thing, it has fewer loopholes: Japan has no other market for its silk remotely comparable to the United States, whereas—given adequate foreign exchange—it could probably turn elsewhere for some of the sinews of war now obtained in this country.

A year or two ago there was every reason to believe that economic measures would suffice to stop Japan. Today we cannot be so sure. Although Japan has declined in economic strength in the interval, its new bases in the south and military alliance with the Axis powers might encourage it to attempt to seize Hongkong, the Dutch East Indies, or possibly even the Philippines. The new Konoye government is more directly dominated by the extremists than any of its predecessors have been. Under such circumstances, some military precautions are essential. Major George Fielding Eliot has drawn up a rather elaborate plan for joint military defense of their Pacific possessions by Great Britain and the United States. The keystone of such a plan obviously must be a provision for American use of the Singapore base. A similar arrangement might be made with the Australian government for the use of the base at Port Darwin. With adequate American forces at either or both of these bases, Japan would risk a naval catastrophe if its fleet were to



"BOY, YOU DON'T MEAN TO, BUT YOU MAKE A SWELL CUPID"

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venture an attack in the South Seas, thousands of miles from its nearest base.

The final plank in any positive program for checking the expansionist activities of the Japanese military clique must be an understanding between the United States and the Soviet Union which will, if possible, forestall the threatened Soviet-Japanese non-aggression pact. An understanding with the Soviets is important not only as a means of immobilizing a large part of the Japanese army on the Siberian border but as a means of assuring a continued flow of war materials to China. Experts differ as to whether the Japanese can carry out their threat to block the Burma road completely by constant aerial bombardment. It is conceded that they will be able to inflict heavy damage, and they may even succeed in making the highway impassable. In that case, the only route for supplying China will be through the Soviet Union. Should this be closed as well, China must ultimately succumb to Japan, freeing more than a million Japanese troops and immense resources for action elsewhere.

If such an energetic, broad program as has been outlined here were followed, I am convinced that the United States could foil the threatened pincer tactics of the Axis powers once and for all. To embark on such a program would take the initiative, with its immense psychological advantages, away from the fascist powers. By striking the Axis at its most vulnerable point, the United States could, relatively quickly and without serious risk, offset the Axis victories in Europe and destroy the myth that the future belongs to the totalitarian powers.

But we should be less than realistic if we believed that because the logic of this program is irrefutable it is likely to be put into effect in its entirety. Hard-headed observers in Washington predict that the State Department will continue the half-hearted measures which irritate but do not hamper Japan. The embargo may be extended to include machinery, and possibly copper, but no effort will be made to stop the export of essential supplies such as oil and cotton, or to prohibit the entry of silk into this country, lest Japan retaliate. Continuation of this piecemeal policy may well lead to war. Since the State Department seems incapable of the vigorous action which would prevent war, should we draw back before it is too late? The answer to this can be found in the experience of Great Britain, which has learned that each retreat before Japan's threats is followed by new demands more severe than those previously considered a menace. Appeasement can provide no safeguard against war.

And we must not forget China. Some of us may feel that our Far Eastern policy in recent months has been determined more by our imperialistic interests than by a desire to help China. Nevertheless it *has* helped China. And whatever our misgivings, it is clearly in the interest of stability and progress, as well as of national defense, to enable China to repel the invader.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

The Excess-Profits Tax

CONSTRUCTING tax bills is a thankless job, and nobody has handed any bouquets to the members of Congress who sat in Washington through three hot summer months working on the excess-profits tax. During their labors they were under very heavy fire, particularly from business interests which wanted the capital-amortization provisions of the bill but naturally hated like sin the countervailing tax proposals. Every effort was made to get Congress to pass a short bill embodying the former, while leaving over for further "study" the question of corralling excess profits. However, the perspiring legislators resisted the temptation and indorsed the Administration's view that the amortization concession, which goes far toward removing all risk for armament contractors, should not be made unless accompanied by steps to garner for the Treasury some part of the profits which the defense program will inevitably create.

When the House and Senate versions of the bill were finally reconciled and it received the Presidential signature, it evoked surprisingly little further criticism in business circles. This was partly because the measure was not regarded as definitive and the opinion was widely expressed that it would undergo revision next year. Meanwhile, according to the *Wall Street Journal,* some financial quarters regard the tax as a "more or less lenient one, all things considered." This view is shared by some independent liberals who believe that business has been let off far too lightly and expect the yield of the tax to prove ludicrously small in relation both to profits in the coming year and to the revenue needs of the government.

My personal opinion is that Congress did a better job than might have been expected considering all the pressures to which it was subjected. The worst feature of the act is its combination of over-complication and under-definition. As a result it will necessarily be subject to a great deal of "interpretation," first by the Treasury and eventually by the courts. Whether or not the act succeeds in its objective of preventing "a new crop of war millionaires," it certainly seems likely to hoist a number of lawyers and tax experts into higher income brackets.

It must be admitted, however, that there are enormous difficulties in drawing a simple, watertight tax bill owing to the very complexity of modern corporate finance. Such terms as "capital" and "net profit" may seem not to require very elaborate definition, but when the accountants have finished with them they become as elusive as the concepts of the higher theology. One of the great problems in drafting was to arrive at a standard of normal profits which would serve as a base-line. The Treasury favored the "assessed capital" method, with anything in excess of a fixed percentage of capital regarded as subject to the excess tax. It was argued, however, that this method was exceedingly unfair to new pioneering companies, which, when successful at all, expect to earn a better than average rate of profits in their early

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years. The aircraft-manufacturing companies are an example. Most of them have experienced deficits rather than profits until recent years. Now they are in for a period of perhaps shortlived prosperity during which their turnover and profits will be high in relation to capital. The steel companies, which may also expect an era of bonanza earnings, are in a different position. Even at near-capacity operation their turnover will be low in comparison with their huge invested capital, which incidentally includes a larger proportion of well-absorbed "water" than most new companies have been able to soak in.

Attempting to provide for rough justice between differently situated industries, the new act enables corporations to be assessed, if they choose, on the basis of 95 per cent of their average earnings during the years 1936-39 instead of on the basis of 8 per cent of their invested capital. Naturally this option will be adopted by all corporations whose average earnings during the past four years have exceeded 8 per cent. Among these are some of the leading aircraft, automobile, and electrical manufacturers and, in the merchandising field, some of the chain stores. Steel, mining, oil, railroad, and utility companies are likely to find the invested-capital option more attractive, and, in fact, these groups as a whole will not contribute heavily to excess-profits payments unless their earnings expand well above the present level. Nevertheless, they will have to pay out considerably greater sums than at present to the Treasury, since the new act increases normal corporation-income tax for all except very small companies to a flat 24 per cent. This is the feature of the act that has caused the loudest complaints in Wall Street, but in view of the steeply upward trend of profits in general at the present time, it is hard to believe that the burden is more than the traffic can bear.

On any profits in excess of the standard rate, whichever way this is calculated, the new tax is payable on a steeply graduated scale. Moreover, the scale rises, not in accordance with a percentage excess of profits, but with an actual dollar increase. Thus on the first $20,000 excess the rate is 25 per cent; on the next $30,000, 30 per cent; and so on until everything over $500,000 pays at the rate of 50 per cent. Obviously this means that large corporations will be hit harder than small. For instance, a corporation with a capital of $500,000 might have standard earnings of $50,000. If it trebled its profits it would have to pay tax on $100,000, at the rate of 25 per cent for the first $20,000, 30 per cent on the next $30,000, and 35 per cent on the remainder. On the other hand, General Motors, to take the largest industrial corporation, is likely to have a standard rate of profit exceeding $100,000,000. Thus it has only to raise its earnings by ½ per cent to start paying an excess-profit tax at the maximum 50 per cent rate.

This provision has been condemned as a tax on bigness, but it is perhaps justifiable on the grounds that the larger corporations get most of the breaks anyhow and that they will on the average receive more benefit from the defense program than the little fellows. We may, however, hear more about this injustice to the rich after the election. At the moment, with Mr. Willkie asserting that the New Deal has favored big business rather than little business and promising that he will reverse this trend, no one in Wall Street wants to start an argument on this aspect of the excess-profits tax.

In the Wind

POLITICOS REPORT that Tammany Hall's coolness to the New Deal campaign amounts virtually to open insurrection. In some Tammany clubs, it is reported, New Dealers have even been prevented from putting up Roosevelt posters. This helps to explain the New Deal concern over New York State.

IN WOOING the labor vote Willkie's mistakes have been innumerable—his boasting of Ford's indorsement was one. On his recent Philadelphia trip he continued his blunders: he spoke in a hall at Shibe Park which is on a union unfair list and was picketed all summer, and he chose the front door of one of the city's biggest unorganized shops as the place to deliver some campaign generalities.

LATEST WASHINGTON rumors have it that if Roosevelt is reelected, Sumner Welles is to succeed Cordell Hull, and Mayor LaGuardia is to succeed Stimson.

OSCAR AMERINGER, editor of the *American Guardian* of Oklahoma City, most radical of Midwestern papers, is nourishing a strange brand of Socialist in his bosom. Recently the *Guardian* carried a bitter anti-interventionist article by one George H. Cless, Jr. Mr. Cless is associated with Merwin K. Hart and has been active in the fight against Professor Rugg's textbooks.

DEMOCRATIC PARTY workers have pitched in to put the Prohibition Party on the ballot in a number of places. The dries couldn't get enough signatures; and the Democrats, somehow calculating that a dry vote is a Willkie vote, think their help may have cost Willkie 200,000 ballots.

IN BRADNER, OHIO, self-appointed patriots have been burning all library books that contain the word "communism." Included among the charred texts, a newspaper lamented, were some books whose denunciations of communism obliged them to use the naughty word.

AN EYEWITNESS vows this happened when Wendell Willkie stopped off at Ann Arbor recently. He was introduced by the aged Governor Dickinson as "Wendell Lewis Willkie, the next Governor of Michigan."

JOSEPH LEWIS, president of the "Freethinkers of America," has started a crusade to have Monday, instead of Sunday, the first day on each calendar line.

NEWSPAPER CITY DESKS recently got a note from Bruce Barton emphasizing that he didn't like Italian fascism and warning that the New Dealers would say he did. So far the charge hasn't been made.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

BIG laughing George Carmack, editor of Roy Howard's Knoxville *News-Sentinel,* laughed again a few weeks ago when he told a visiting friend that he was on his way to speak to the Rotarians or the Kiwanians on the freedom of the press. George has had the pleasure, as planned by Roy Howard, of turning the *News-Sentinel* all the way around from the paper in the Scripps-Howard chain which fought on the ground for the TVA to a paper which supports the man who fought TVA all the way. It is not an easy job even for a man with such a continuous muscular merriment as George Carmack. But I think George may be engaged unconsciously in important work. Tennessee may turn out to be not only a laboratory in which important demonstrations have been made in connection with power. In a little field it may also show something about the new process under which most of the newspapers go one way in a national election and most of the people go the other.

George's competition in Knoxville, where TVA has its offices, is the only one, among the eight principal dailies in Tennessee, whose politics has a relatively simple basis. The Knoxville *Journal* is simply and normally Republican in Republican East Tennessee.

In Nashville President Roosevelt has his only newspaper support in the whole state in the *Tennessean,* published by Silliman Evans. But the *Tennessean,* as a business, is operated jointly with the *Banner,* which James G. Stahlman, former president of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, has made so strong for Willkie that they are saying in all seriousness in Nashville that Stahlman is going to be Secretary of the Navy in Willkie's Cabinet.

It was in Chattanooga, according to the charges, that Mr. Willkie helped Roy McDonald, the chain-store groceryman, to murder and devour George Fort Milton's pro-TVA *News* and incorporate it in his own anti-TVA *Press.* The Chattanooga *Times,* which is under the same ownership as the New York *Times,* is following that paper's lead in support of Willkie, though its able editor, Julian L. Harris—Pulitzer Prize winner himself and son of Uncle Remus—has been given leave of absence because he could not conscientiously go along the Willkie way. Mr. Harris, they say, is devoting himself busily in political silence to the *Times's* plan to issue an afternoon paper designed to eat up the *Free Press,* which is still in the process of digesting the *News.*

But Roy Howard, of 230 Park Avenue, New York, is the biggest man in the Tennessee picture. His three papers have more circulation than all the other large dailies in the state put together. When all his papers jumped in unison to Willkie after Mr. Willkie slept on Mr. Howard's yacht, it looked in Tennessee as if Mr. Howard hollered and they jumped—and too suddenly to be graceful about it. And that left good men, who may have made up their own minds entirely inside their own heads, appearing, at least, a little disheveled in Scripps-Howard editorial chairs.

Nobody I saw in Tennessee thinks they can win the state for Willkie. Nobody anywhere thinks newspapers should always try to be on the winning side. But the concentration of Republican newspaper power in the Democratic state makes a useful display nevertheless. Tennessee, which was a demonstration project for power, may now be the first demonstration project for the press. Mr. Howard, who seems to have carried his papers a long way from old policies, may in fact be carrying on the old Scripps-Howard policies in a way he did not even contemplate in helping such a demonstration along.

And he is not alone in helping it along. The New York *Times*–Chattanooga *Times* combination seems ready to take over, if it can, both the morning and evening fields in Chattanooga. Even if the Ochses and Adlers came originally from Chattanooga, the weight of their wealth is now in New York. Success for the *Times* in the afternoon field would mean that five of the eight papers in the state would be owned by organizations with their chief interests in New York. Among the home papers the two in Nashville have found a method of operation which would make it possible for one to support God and the other the devil without great danger to the profits of either. That leaves one paper in Knoxville in old-fashioned competitive independence, in the hands of a manufacturer who bought it when it was bankrupt.

I am not sure that George Carmack laughed because he saw the joke when he went to speak about the freedom of the press in Knoxville. And I am not at all sure that there is anything funny in the whole business. A lot of badly aimed mud has been thrown at the American press in recent years. But maybe even newspapermen should begin to wonder whether the control of what we get from the press for our pennies is not just as important as control of the holding companies which, also for our pennies, gave us our power.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Notes by the Way

IF YOU remember Ernest Hemingway's last novel, "To Have and Have Not"—it was not very memorable—you will recall that in mid-course the first exponent of the hard-boiled school of fiction, later an *aficionado* of bullfighting, "got religion" and forced his hero, arbitrarily and quite unconvincingly, to die a proletarian. Meanwhile Hemingway had gone to Spain, where the first act of Europe's civil war was being played out. The first yield of his experience there as interested observer was a group of excellent short stories and a brief play, "The Fifth Column," which was not only a bad play but flaunted, in its handling of human character and values, the sentimental-brutal immaturity of the enthusiastic amateur of war and revolution.

His present book, "For Whom the Bell Tolls" (Charles Scribner's Sons, $2.75), also has for its background the Spanish civil war. It is a long book; it has obviously been written with care and love; it is in a straight line from "A Farewell to Arms" and superior to it; and happily it not only removes the bad taste left in the mouth by "The Fifth Column" but sets a new standard for Hemingway in characterization, dialogue, suspense, and compassion for the human being faced with death—and with the necessity for imposing death on other human beings. Its main characters are a group of Republican guerrillas operating behind the fascist lines in the mountains near Segovia and Robert Jordan, an American volunteer, who has been detailed to seek them out and with their help perform the dangerous and difficult assignment of blowing up a strategic bridge at the strategic moment—after he has heard the sound of the first bombs of the planned Republican attack. In the course of the four days in which the action of the book takes place, Jordan obtains information which convinces him that the attack will fail, but the messenger he sends through the lines arrives too late; the attack begins, and he blows up the bridge on schedule. Some of his companions are killed in the attendant skirmishes; the rest, including his sweetheart of four days, escape; he himself is fatally hurt and remains behind to die alone on the Spanish mountainside.

Within the frame of tension set up by this relatively simple plot, Hemingway has projected in great detail the world of the *partizans;* we enter it with Robert Jordan, whose compulsion to gain their confidence and command their help in carrying out his assignment generates part of the action and suspense. We come to know intimately the characters and lives of Pilar and her husband, Pablo, and see the conflict between them played out; there are less detailed but vivid portraits of half a dozen minor characters; the landscape is made palpable—Hemingway communicates not only the physical but the emotional impact of a spring snowstorm in the mountains. Yet through 471 pages one seldom feels that the primary plot is being held in abeyance. The exposition is accomplished almost entirely by means of dialogue and action. The suspense is continuously heightened, and the impact of the final action at the bridge is of course greatly intensified by our involvement in the human beings who take part in it.

The most striking as well as the most interesting character in the book is the woman Pilar; one of the finest single passages is her account of the terrible events which occurred in her native village when the civil war began. This account, in the Hemingway economy, also helps to characterize Pablo. Robert Jordan is adequate but he does not touch the imagination as Pilar does, even though, or perhaps because, he is presented more subjectively. The only unreal character, for me, is Maria. The romantic great-love-at first-sight between Jordan and the girl whom the *partizans* have rescued from her fascist captors is not convincing, never seems integral. If it was intended to have the quality and force of fantasy—which seems possible—the intention has failed.

The book's title is taken from John Donne: ". . . any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind; and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee." It indicates the spirit which informs the book, but Hemingway cannot compete with Donne, and the reader will not find any fresh or overpowering expression of this theme. Nor will he find a "revolutionary" novel as the term applies, for instance, to Franz Hoellering's "The Defenders." The understanding of social forces which underlies Hoellering's story of Vienna in 1934 remains only a vague perception in Hemingway's story of Spain in 1937—unprojected save in the personal and far from profound musings of Robert Jordan. (Since I have mentioned "The Defenders" and like every other mentioner stressed its social aspect, I should like to redress the balance by saying that it is also an absorbing story.)

Hemingway touches only superficially and inconclusively on the moral and political issues which racked the Republican forces. In one flashback Robert Jordan remembers the gathering place of the Russians in Madrid and introduces us to Karkov, cynical but ingratiating. The tone of this chapter is indicated by a conversation about the P. O. U. M.

> Nin was their only man. We had him but he escaped.
> Where is he now?
> In Paris. We say he is in Paris. . . .
> But they were in communication with the fascists, weren't they?
> Who is not?

In another chapter Andre Marty is represented as insane. The Anarchists are referred to as the "crazies." Jordan lets us know that he is under Communist discipline but that his mind is his own.

Such comments as Hemingway does make along these lines, particularly the chapter on Madrid, are not organic to the story of Pilar and Pablo, of the engaging, foul-mouthed Agustín, the pedantic Fernando, and the lovable old man Anselmo. The novel which embodies the deeper social meanings of the Spanish war has yet to be written, and I doubt

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that Hemingway will write it, but he has given us as moving and vivid a story of a group of human beings involved in that war as we are likely to have.

MARGARET MARSHALL

American Economic History

THE TRIUMPH OF AMERICAN CAPITALISM. By Louis M. Hacker. Simon and Schuster. $3.

THIS is an economic history of the United States that makes sense. It is synthesis, interpretation, and forecast that are meaningful for today's problems—Louis Hacker is aware of history as a stream that flows into the present. His emphasis is not only on changing institutions but on the "why" and on the class-political relations that shape, and are shaped, by those institutions; hence he focuses on the American Revolution and the Civil War, when changing economic forces exploded in the struggle for state power, which is itself an economic force. The general approach and outline are Marxist but have not the schematic distortions of "official" Marxism; Hacker's approach is flexible and many-sided, the outline richly filled in with material drawn from monographic literature and original research. There is, too, a fruitful emphasis on those features of American capitalism —and American life—which distinguish our culture from that of Europe.

After sketching the European origins of American capitalism Hacker makes penetrating analyses of the colonial economy in relation to the mercantilist policy of the mother country, the struggle of emerging colonial capitalism against the tightening mercantilist restrictions that led to the Revolution of 1776, and the class-political divisions and struggles within the Revolution. There follows an equally penetrating study of the nature and development of American mercantile capitalism, in the course of which Hacker corrects Frederick J. Turner on the significance of the frontier by rightly placing it within the larger complex of capitalist institutions. (Hacker tends to overdo the correction; the frontier retains its unique significance after all necessary corrections.) The origins and growth of industrial capitalism and of the planter capitalism of the South with which it clashed are discussed in a manner that shows the Civil War emerging out of that clash as a struggle for political power. Suggestive for our generation, which must wage a social war against fascism, is Hacker's convincing portrayal of the part played by Congress, under the drive of the Old Radical Republicans, in forcing Lincoln to wage more aggressive war by means of social-revolutionary measures—emancipation and the organization of Negro revolts in the South and Negro regiments in the Union army—that would carry the war behind the Confederate lines. The radical ideals were abandoned as Reconstruction moved toward a mere implementing of the political power of industrial capitalism. Throughout the book emphasis is placed on the democratic and equalitarian ideas that shaped and will continue to shape decisive struggles in American history.

Unfortunately, "The Triumph of American Capitalism" practically ends with Reconstruction; not many more than the twenty-four pages of one chapter are devoted to economic developments in the twenty-five years up to 1900. Yet in his final chapter Hacker abruptly projects the decline of American capitalism. Why? Nothing he has written, no analysis he has made of the dynamics of capitalism which drive it toward decline, prepares one to understand the why. For that, economic history must be combined with economic theory. Hacker identifies capitalist decline, the beginnings of which he places around 1900, with finance capitalism and its "impersonalization" of capitalist enterprise through the corporate setup and the financial control which are no longer "goaded by the instinct of workmanship" that drove the older industrial capitalism. But in the thirty years from 1900 to 1929 there was great expansion in American industry, despite a declining rate of expansion in the 1920's; giant new industries arose, such as electric power, of which only the bare beginnings were evident before, the automobile, radio, synthetics, while American industry was virtually recreated through the newer technology made possible by electrical machinery and electro-chemistry. Nor has there been a decline in the instinct of workmanship, but rather a rebirth in the form of an infinitely more rational technology and a new art of industrial design; there is more workmanship today in American industry than seventy-five years ago. The "impersonalization" of industry is not an element of decline but a constructive force within finance capitalism; it means institutional management, the end of the *personal* profit motive in management, and new economic morals, pointing to social industry directed for social service. Finally, finance capital is symptom, not cause, of capitalist decline; the decline goes on even when the power of finance capital is ended, as in Germany, where the state controls an impersonalized industry, or in other countries, where that power is on the way out. The causes of capitalist decline must be sought in the movement of capital accumulation and profit in relation to production, the exhaustion—on a capitalist basis—of the long-time factors of economic expansion, and the resistance to change in changing economic institutions.

LEWIS COREY

Franz Kafka's Poor Richard

AMERIKA. By Franz Kafka. Translated by Edwin Muir. Preface by Klaus Mann. New Directions. $2.50.

IN FRANZ KAFKA'S "Amerika," the earliest of his three novels, the extra-natural plays no part; there is no evocation of mysterious powers or any derangement of the known and recognizable world for the sake of injecting into it the menace of the irrational and unfathomable. It is the only one of his longer narratives in which he fully indulged his flair for comedy. The intention behind it, however, is not the exposure of specific foibles but the portrayal of the typical human condition. "If sufficiently systematized, comedy turns into reality," he wrote in one of his notebooks. And this statement can stand as the motto of this picaresque tale of the adventures of the sixteen-year-old boy Karl Rossmann, a native of Prague, in the mechanized cities of the United States, a country which Kafka had never seen but of which he had a definite image in his mind.

Kafka was so steeped in moods of loss and failure, so

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haunted by the idea of the insolubility of human problems, that he tended to regard with astonishment and inordinate admiration all examples of constructive will, of the ability of men to discover their true calling and achieve that integration in the community to which he attached the highest value but which he believed to be beyond his own reach. His constant plaint was the same as that of the character in Hawthorne's story "The Intelligence Office," who never ceased to cry out: "I want my place, my own place, my proper sphere, my thing to do, which nature intended me to perform when she fashioned me thus awry, and which I have vainly sought all my lifetime!" For this reason Benjamin Franklin, who was singularly successful in all his undertakings, was among Kafka's favorite historical figures; and Franklin's "Autobiography" is one of the sources of this novel. Let no one think, however, that Kafka was charmed by Poor Richard's opinion of himself or by his general philosophy; what interested him in this American career was its inexplicable element of fate, which in this case had manifested itself in a positive guise. He probably read Poor Richard's recommendations of virtue, his list of proverbs on frugality, temperance, moderation, tranquillity, and the like, as one reads a work on strategy, interpreting those dismally sagacious sayings as so many moves in the complicated game of ingratiating oneself with the nameless authorities whose law, though its intent and meaning are unknown and unknowable, nevertheless prevails. It was the Ulysses-like aspect of Franklin that attracted Kafka, and he conceived of America as his Mediterranean. Americans, he thought, wore perpetual smiles on their faces. For somehow they had managed, perhaps through the protection afforded them by the extraordinary dimensions of the New World, to beat fate to the draw.

In that he is truly innocent, Karl Rossmann differs radically from K., the protagonist of "The Trial" and "The Castle." Whereas K., who is thoroughly impregnated with rationality, approaches the problem of guilt largely in a legalistic fashion, reacting vindictively to the misfortunes that befall him and seeking to prove by logical processes that he has committed no crime and should therefore be let alone, Karl suffers persecution without dreaming of vengeance or unduly dwelling on the wrongs that have been done him. When his rich uncle wilfully turns him out of his house for virtually no reason at all, he utters no word of protest but calmly goes about the business of adjusting himself to his new situation. He is not a subjective character; his energy is of that benign kind which flows congenially even into the narrowest channels of reality.

The Kafkan irony expends itself on Karl by entangling him in a series of accidents, errors, and misunderstandings that are as circumstantially precise as they are magical in arrangement. His first steps in America—whose bewildering and immense bureaucratic mechanisms he dare not examine too closely—are attended by good fortune; but after a few months he is suddenly overtaken by disaster and compelled to take to the road in search of work in the company of the unemployed and thievish mechanics Delamarche and Robinson. After many trials he is befriended by a woman, a kind of Athene in the shape of a hotel manager. She employs him as an elevator operator, but the head waiter and the head porter, whose hostility he has aroused through no fault of his own, contrive to have him discharged. Delamarche and Robinson then abduct him with the design of forcing him into the service of Brunelda, a great slob of a Circe who had fascinated and transformed them both into swinish lechers. (The seventh chapter, called The Refuge, which describes the Chaplinesque chase of Karl by a policeman, his encounter with the incomparable Brunelda, the election parade, and his conversation with the coffee-nourished student, is to my mind one of the finest single pieces of writing in modern fiction.) In the end he escapes from Brunelda's household to find a position in the Nature Theater of Oklahoma, a beneficent and fantastic enterprise miraculously welcoming the unemployed into its "almost limitless" spaces, where they are provided with jobs and reconciled, one supposes, to the inscrutable purposes of the powers that rule the life of man.

Kafka makes no attempt to give a realistic account of America. He is quite inaccurate, as Klaus Mann observes in his preface, "in every detail, yet the picture as a whole has poetical truth." If on its existential side this story is a sort of good-humored parody of the career of Poor Richard, on its literary side it derives from Dickens. David Copperfield, who is also a good boy with the wit to make the most of his virtue in his trials and tribulations, is Karl's prototype. But this "imitation" of Dickens's novel is in its way a burlesque treatment of it and is analogous to Joyce's use of the "Odyssey" in his "Ulysses."

One misses in "Amerika" the profound implications of Kafka's other work. Plainly his imagination did not wholly support this one effort to guide the life of a human being to a happy outcome. He was more at home in the dread castles and courts where K. wandered in search of justice, only to discover at the very last that justice is as meaningless as it is inescapable.

PHILIP RAHV

Musician as Poet

THE GAP OF BRIGHTNESS. By F. R. Higgins. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

FREDERICK ROBERT HIGGINS was much with Yeats in the last years and appears from the latter's correspondence to have been his favorite among the Irish poets younger by a generation than he. Yeats trusted his instinct for poetry and learned from his knowledge of folk-music; and Higgins in turn learned something of his own craft from Yeats. They were not, however, much alike. The younger man shared nothing of Yeats's concern with philosophy and has not, as is so often true with musicians, a comparable feeling for the music that can be made only with words. He is closer, perhaps, to Synge.

Higgins has a folk quality that is genuine but not consistent. He can catch in his lines the rhythms, not merely of Irish speech, but of poetry written in Irish; he cannot hold them uninterruptedly. What he aims at is the boldness he attributes to Ferguson who

> saw the heavenly horse,
> Pegasus, harnessed to that hearse—
> Damn it, he cut the traces!

His phrases are knotty, vigorous, humorous, and not with-

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out a high imagination that suddenly, for a moment, allows some familiar commonplace object to be seen in a rare intense light. That moment is the gap of brightness. It soon dims. For if Higgins has force, he has not a driving force; he lacks the compelling passion to carry through what was well begun to an accomplished end. There are some finished poems; but more often than not the poet seems to suffer that peculiar affliction of the Irish when not sustained by a fanatic heart—the unaccountable failure of emotion in midcourse. While it stays, he stands, like his own blackthorn in flower, "flaunting out the fierceness." When it is gone, nothing is left him but loneliness and rage. The blackthorn, its flowers and green days gone, can be turned into a cudgel.

JOHN PEALE BISHOP

The Sins of the Poor

GEM OF THE PRAIRIE: AN INFORMAL HISTORY OF THE CHICAGO UNDERWORLD. By Herbert Asbury. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

FOR ten years Herbert Asbury has been writing lively and not very important books about the sins of the poor. Here is another one, a chronological account of the sins of the poor in Chicago from 1833 to 1933, but since it happens to be published at the moment when a social system that made the poor sinful is about to fall over on its face, it seems not only unimportant but positively irrelevant. It is not very lively, either.

In the year 1940 a writer of Asbury's standing ought to be doing one of two things. He ought to be clarifying our confusion or diverting us from it. This book does neither. It is a collection of the names, addresses, and personal habits of Chicago's long and historic list of horse thieves, footpads, sharpers, bunko steerers, poke-lifters, jack-rollers, con men, badger artists, cokies, bawds, whores, pimps, panders, perverts, and alky cookers. Even if you care for this sort of thing, even if you enjoyed the story of the Everleigh sisters or Al Capone the first time you heard it, you will find that four hundred unrelieved pages of it gets you down.

History has been defined contemptuously as "what happened next." In that sense, and in that sense only, this book is a history. It asks no questions, and, perhaps for the best, it doesn't try to answer any. It repeats a few classic legends, but they were only mildly amusing when they were new. There is only one funny line in the whole book, the one about a famous one-armed gambler of whom a policeman said, "If he had two hands he'd have all the money in the world."

Sure, Chicago is and always was a wicked place. But why? What makes it wicked? And what is wickedness, anyway? Asbury lightly records the ancient fact that Mayor Carter Harrison, Sr.—among other patricians—owned a whole block of whore houses. He lightly records the ancient fact that girls faced the choice of prostitution or wages of four to six dollars a week in a factory or downtown store. Now Asbury can't say he isn't a moralist; he passes moral judgment when he refers to streetwalkers as "harpies" and pimps as "human lice." Well, what about the patricians who lived off the rents paid by these "human lice"? What about the employers whose young lady employees had to turn "harpy" to avoid starvation?

The impact of a book like this, if it has one, is bad. It bolsters the thesis that the sins of the poor are independent of the sins of the rich. It supports the unexamined postulates of all the Committees of Ten, Twenty-five, and a Hundred that ever were, those glamorous vigilante fronts for leading citizens who demand the perfuming of the dung heap on which their security rests.

On the achievements of one of these extra-governmental groups—always extra-governmental because government is the last thing they want—Asbury is lyric. But in telling how the Chicago Crime Commission turned the pitiless power of public wrath on Al Capone, he neglects to tell how it diverted the pitiless power of public wrath from the interests represented by the Chicago Crime Commission. The venerable corporation lawyer who leads the Crime Commission is exactly as enthusiastic about reform as is the Chicago *Tribune*.

The author of "Gem of the Prairie" doesn't, of course, pretend to be doing any heavy thinking. What does he pretend to be doing? He does not add anything to Smith and Lewis's history of Chicago. He doesn't contribute anything to the rich library of simple, unsophisticated sin. He doesn't enlighten a worried world or any area thereof. But he may contribute something to his own stature as a citizen if he reads his own book in the light of Anatole France's reflection on the impartial majesty of the law, which forbids rich and poor alike to sleep under bridges, beg in the streets, or steal bread.

MILTON S. MAYER

Planning—and Freedom

MAN AND SOCIETY IN AN AGE OF RECONSTRUCTION. By Karl Mannheim. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

THIS book is a greatly expanded and radically revised version of an earlier one published in the German language—but not in Germany—some years ago. It is a thoughtful but oversystematized discussion of the problem of the "disproportionate development of human faculties" as expressed in the failure of moral power and insight to keep pace with the tremendous strides of scientific knowledge and technological control. Mannheim calls attention to the many psychological and methodological problems that must be faced if we are to achieve a planned society in which freedom and democratic control are present. He believes that some sort of planned society is inescapable, and that it is difficult but not impossible to secure many of our ancient liberties by making provision, as part of our plan, for free zones within the structure of society. This requires a revaluation of the conception of freedom to distinguish it from the mere freedom to escape on the one hand and the mechanical notion of institutional checks and balances on the other. Previously skeptical of the capacity of existing parliamentary democracies to effect the transition to democratic planning, Mannheim has been convinced of its feasibility as a result of his English experience. His analysis culminates in the realization that the problems of democratic control are specific, arising at certain strategic points in the social processes in given

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historical situations. He therefore does not attempt to lay down any political programs or to mark out in detail the roads to democratic power.

This is a book of profound commonplaces, a characterization not intended as derogatory. Its chief value lies not in its conclusions, which are part of the liberal socialist outlook, but in the way in which it worries the problems. The bibliography of almost a hundred pages is useful.

SIDNEY HOOK

Scalpel, Please

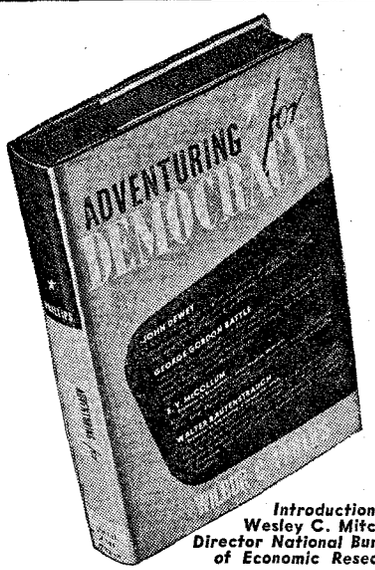
THE MAN WHO LOVED CHILDREN. By Christina Stead. Simon and Schuster. $2.75.

NOT since "The Egoist" has any novel excoriated so thoroughly the self-worshiping, self-deceiving male as does this book with an iron fist in its velvet title. But while Meredith maintained an affectionately good-humored, almost patronizing attitude toward his egocentric hero, who merely made himself ludicrous and did no real harm to anyone, Miss Stead's portrayal of Sam Pollitt is as razor-edged and pitiless as a dissecting knife: she exposes him, front view, side view, top, bottom, and cross-section, rips him apart to display the squashy, fungoid soul that underlies his bumptious exuberance, and then, when you all but cry out, "For God's sake, give the poor wretch something to cover himself with and let him go," she trots him out again, and again, letting him mouth his excruciating baby talk and bombastic platitudes long after he has dragged his family to financial and emotional bankruptcy and most of them have found him out.

Sam Pollitt lives "in a golden cloud floating over a lot of back alleys he never sees"—this in the words of his whiny, scatter-brained wife, Henrietta, in one of her less shrewish moments. As long as he can frolic with his six (later, seven) children only on "Sunday-Funday," sucking from them, parasite-like, the admiration which is his breath of life, he remains only mildly irritating; but after he loses his job and is free to dramatize himself around the house at all hours, the temperamental conflict between Henrietta and him flares into open war. The children, whom Sam now needs far more than they need him, look on in tragic wonderment as the gilt peels off their little tin god under the strain of sordid poverty and frenzied bickering. Most terrible of all is the growing realization of Louisa, his oldest daughter and child of a previous marriage, that her father, with a perverted possessiveness, is winding himself about her and strangling her like a slimy snake, and that only by murdering both her parents can she hope to win a normal life for herself and the other children.

The book is really a tense, admirably written study of blighted personalities, far less somber in its general tone than the above summary indicates. Miss Stead has an almost superhuman skill in recording the vagaries of family small talk. And while I have every reason to hope that Sam Pollitt is an exaggerated figure, he is drawn convincingly enough to make a lot of men want to crawl away into a corner and die. But of course the Sam Pollitts never know when a barb is aimed at them.

LOUIS B. SALOMON



Introduction by Wesley C. Mitchell Director National Bureau of Economic Research

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IN BRIEF

UNTIL THE SHEARING. By Anne Miller Downes. Frederick A. Stokes. $2.50.

A genial, leisurely novel tracing the growth from childhood to manhood of a sensitive lad, son of a charming actress; his character is molded partly by the world events of the early decades of this century, partly by absorption of the sturdy American virtues inherent in his father's York State family.

PAL JOEY. By John O'Hara. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $2.

Recalling Ring Lardner at his racy, devastating best, this series of letters describes the amorous and professional ups-and-downs of a second-rate crooner with a stunted soul, a slangy vocabulary, and a handful of quips that limp almost as badly as his spelling. Like many of Lardner's Americans, Joey is amusing and slightly loathsome; you'd probably rather see than be one.

PORLOCK: A PORTRAIT. By Reginald Hunter. With a Foreword by John Cowper Powys. Illustrated by William O'Brien. The Caxton Printers. $2.

This portrait of Porlock, the timid pedant, against a background of Greenwich Village in the prohibition era, is a real creation in character. One need not go along with the publishers in thinking it a classic to be warmed by its mellow humor and unobtrusive literary and philosophical flavor. The statement of the blurb writer that "in the spirit of providing a limited edition for a fastidious audience the publisher has produced a volume of exquisite typography and design," may be whole-heartedly indorsed.

DIPLOMATICALLY SPEAKING. By Lloyd C. Griscom. Little, Brown and Company. $3.50.

Born into a Philadelphia Quaker family with a silver spoon in his mouth, the author of these entertaining memoirs went to England at twenty, as secretary to the American ambassador, to begin a diplomatic career which led him to Turkey, Persia, Japan, Brazil, and finally to Italy as ambassador at the age of thirty-four. During the last war he was in interesting liaison positions in Paris and London. The usual diplomatic anecdotes are told with unusual humor and charm, which go far to disarm sardonic reflections on the ease of Mr. Griscom's progress and the slight historical significance of his experiences.

AMERICA, I PRESUME. By Wyndham Lewis. Howell, Soskin and Company. $2.

A book on America by the hard-hitting author of "Time and Western Man" promised to be provocative reading. Whether or not his delicate position as a visiting English writer—and hence a propagandist suspect—is to blame, Mr. Lewis seems to be pulling his punches. His first-rate wit makes the book extremely amusing in spots, but as an analysis of the American scene it is sketchy, often based on superficial observation and a reworking of clichés. It is to be hoped that Mr. Lewis will stay here longer and give us another book on ourselves. He is a writer whose considered opinion ought to be helpful.

MINORITY REPORT. By Bernard DeVoto. Little, Brown and Company. $2.75.

A selection of critical and editorial articles that appeared when Mr. DeVoto held his easy chairs on *Harper's* and the *Saturday Review.* Mr. DeVoto is "temperamentally unable to refer to himself as an artist." He is almost equally modest in the role of critic, since he says, "I am more comfortable if sure that the one who applies the term means primarily that I write pieces more than fifteen hundred words long." We are willing to accept that as a definition of Mr. DeVoto's critical labors. He is a sort of literary Huck Finn, using his journalistic slingshot—don't mistake, he is mighty proud of the weapon!—against every top hat that he sees or thinks he sees. He gets tremendous fun out of it all and is pretty injured when, after wiping the tears of laughter from his eyes, he discovers that some people weren't as amused as he was. Personally we would rather leave this vacant-lot warfare and devote our time to the critics who take their business seriously. Quite simply, in order not to appear to be putting on a top hat ourselves, we think they are more fun.

SLAVERY TIMES IN KENTUCKY. By J. Winston Coleman, Jr. University of North Carolina Press. $3.

The special character of slavery in Kentucky, where the absence of large plantations made it a domestic rather than a commercial institution ("My Old Kentucky Home"), is treated here together with its connection, through the slave trade, with the wider problem of slavery in America. Although primarily for specialists the volume is a particularly readable example of the valuable regional historical studies emanating from Chapel Hill. Photographs, old prints, and facsimiles of old handbills and other documents add both to its charm and to its value.

SUEZ AND PANAMA. By André Siegfried. Translated from the French by Harold and Doris Hemming. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

Though this book contains nothing not vaguely known by almost everybody, the facts are always interesting and it is useful to have them in one survey. André Siegfried is a stimulating writer, and his personal acquaintance with Lesseps and Theodore Roosevelt adds flavor to his presentation of the picturesque origin of the two canals. As a political journalist he also does justice to the topical importance of these two great modifications of strategic and economic geography.

GERMAN ECONOMY 1870 TO 1940. By Gustav Stolper. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.

Dr. Stolper stresses the point that the Nazis inherited the fundamentals of their economy, which might be described as a merger between collectivism and mercantilism. When Hitler came to power he found, on the one hand, a system of state socialism whose lineage can be traced back to Frederick the Great and, on the other, a network of private industries almost completely organized on a monopoly basis. All the basic machinery was there for the introduction of a planned economy, but this does not explain why that economy was directed, not toward a betterment in the standard of living, but toward the creation of an instrument of world conquest. As Dr. Stolper agrees, more than an economic interpretation is needed to understand the Nazi movement. Nor has its apparent efficiency for the purposes of war yet been put to the final test. Hitler's economics may yet prove his Achilles heel.

SO PERISH THE ROSES. By Neil Bell. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

A fictionalized biography of Charles Lamb, slow moving and caked with conventional sentiment.

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FILMS

CHARLIE CHAPLIN plays three parts in "The Great Dictator." First his old one, the funny little man whom the entire world loves; second, Hitler; and third, Charlie Chaplin himself, a social-minded American full of all the good slogans.

The funny little man, this time a little less funny and a little more tragic, appears as a Jewish barber who lost his memory in World War I. Getting it back after many years he finds the ghetto terrorized by the double-cross storm troopers of the great dictator, whom he himself resembles as one egg does another. (Conveniently no one seems to notice the resemblance until the author of the picture—Charlie Chaplin—wants to make use of it.)

The story which develops swiftly from this basic situation takes place in the palace and in the ghetto. In the palace the dictator, assisted by Garbitsch-Goebbels (Henry Daniell) and Herring-Göring (Billy Gilbert), is planning the rape of Austria. He needs money and he is afraid of Napaloni-Mussolini (played excellently by Jack Oakie), whose army stands at the Brenner. When a Jewish banker refuses a loan the great dictator orders a pogrom. All Jews are robbed and Napaloni is duly double-crossed. In the meantime the little barber, now in love with a beautiful laundress (Paulette Goddard), after fighting the storm troopers in his knock-about fashion, has been caught and put into a concentration camp. He escapes, and it is when he is on his way to the Austrian frontier that he is at last taken for the dictator. (The real one is taken for him and thrown into the camp.) Soon enough he finds himself forced to speak as conqueror to the conquered. In this great moment the little man, alas, loses his identity once more and Charlie Chaplin speaks instead—for democracy and everything fair and good. A propaganda speech cuts short the unfinished story.

The actor Chaplin is superb in the double role, often surpassing, and on a higher level, even the greatest of his earlier performances. As barber he plays many delightful scenes of the kind one expects from him. He absent-mindedly shaves his girl. Or he barbers a perplexed customer to the rhythm of a Hungarian dance by Brahms. The best scene of all is the one in which he and his comrades decide who shall be chosen to kill the dictator. They eat sweet puddings in one of which a coin is concealed. The man who finds the coin must sacrifice himself. The way they cheat each other over the dangerous dessert without becoming malicious is a delight to watch. The whole scene is perfectly composed, most delicately balanced, and rich in human understanding. The only trouble is that such perfect scenes as this are followed by more conventional passages which would be funny enough in an average picture but let one down in a film that deals so ambitiously with so great a theme.

The same criticism applies to the palace sequences. Outstanding here are the dictator's dance with the globe, the arrival of Napaloni, and the satire on the psychological approach, with both dictators trying to outsmart each other. Chapin is really great, sharp and revealing, in all his speeches as dictator, which he renders in an invented language. Incidentally Chaplin speaks so naturally and well that one remembers only afterward that he has been until now a silent actor. He skilfully differentiates the two characters he plays, and at the end, in his own voice, he is forceful and carries conviction.

The picture, which runs for more than two hours, leaves one with a queer mixture of enthusiasm and disappointment. The shortcomings of the film have nothing to do with Chaplin the actor. He has mastered the great and difficult feat of playing the part of Hitler. His portrayal is convincing in every gesture and mood. It is never forced. No, for the shortcomings it is, I suspect, Chaplin the author who is responsible.

Chaplin's script, I hasten to say, is one of the most ambitious and most original scripts ever written. Yet it does not reach the heights: it is uneven, lacks coherence and sweep, and is in spots already slightly dated. The writer Chaplin is still primarily concerned with scenes for the actor Chaplin. He knows how to make his scenes serve the higher purpose which he has set in choosing universal and controversial themes, but he sometimes asks too much of himself and as a result gives his art and his admirers less than he could. What he needs now is a congenial author. In order not to get into trouble with any person living, I recommend to him two writers long dead. One is the Czech Jaroslav Hasek, author of "The Good Soldier Schweik"; the other is the Viennese Johann Nestroy—the greatest comedian of his time as Chaplin is of ours, but a greater writer still. He solved, in his parody on "Herod and Mariamne," the final problem which Chaplin has failed to solve in "The Great Dictator" (therefore the short-cut end), namely, the end of the dictator. Nestroy's dictator, after killing everybody around him, confronts himself, and finds the final formulation: *"Ich oder ich!"*—"I or I."

FRANZ HOELLERING

MUSIC

FRIDAY, October 11, which was to end so extraordinarily, began ordinarily enough: breakfast, the *Times*, headlines about bombings, the Balkans, Willkie, and finally the Philharmonic's opening concert, which I had forgotten about after a glance at the list of works Mr. Barbirolli had chosen for the first weeks of the season. I went on to read Mr. Downes's swollen and muddy flood of words—about Sibelius's Second Symphony, for example, "a paean to the unconquerable spirit that is man," and the performance in which this work "was read, for the greater part, in bardic vein" and "there was breadth and sweep of line"; but in which "a thoughtful reading was distinguished prevailingly by fine proportions and a real sense of form"; in which, however, "this feeling was lost . . . in places where tempo was too suddenly whipped up or slowed down"; and yet of which "the impression was of a too calculated performance, with many fine attributes, one which, had all previous calculations been forgotten, and the music given its head, would have been a complete instead of a conditioned success." Reading this, I felt the mists of New York newspaper reviewing rising about me; by evening, with the reviews in the *Post*, the *World-Telegram*, and *PM*, these mists were suffocating; and then the air was cleared by a piece of writing which a couple of excited telephone calls caused me to look up in the *Herald Tribune*. This was the review by Virgil Thomson, in which authoritative competence and fastidious taste expressed themselves with plain-speaking honesty, observing, for example, that the symphony, which was "vulgar, self-indulgent, and provincial . . . has a kind of popular power unusual in symphonic literature," and concluding that the music of the concert "was soggy; the playing dull and brutal."

Let me make clear that I didn't enjoy Mr. Thomson's review because I agreed with his judgments. As a matter of fact I think the excesses of the Sibelius adherents provoked him to counter-excess; and I suspect that the fact that "there

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are other conductors more highly paid than Mr. Ormandy" and "some that are more highly advertised" contributed to his statement—in his review of the Philadelphia Orchestra's first New York concert—that the performance of this coarse-grained musician is "civilized, sane, and effective beyond all comparison with that of his more showily temperamental colleagues." I expect to be irritated by what I suspect is Mr. Thomson's perversity as often as I am delighted by what I consider to be his penetration—the penetration of his observations on the Sibelius First Symphony that Ormandy conducted: "The formal structure, such as there was, was a sort of smooth piecing together of oddments, not unlike what is known to the film world as 'cutting.' As in a well cut film, occasions for compensating the essential jerkiness of the flow were exploited whenever they could be found; at those moments something took place not unlike the 'plugging' of a theme song." What I respect is the equipment of musical understanding that I am aware of as much in the judgments I dissent from as in those I agree with.

That these reviews got into the newspaper which published Lawrence Gilman is beyond comprehension; that they will continue to get in is beyond belief; but while they do New York will have a music critic worth reading.

Franck's Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue for piano I find—up to the overweighted climax of the Fugue—one of his best works; and much of it Egon Petri plays effectively. But the arpeggiated sections of the Chorale come out rhythmically distorted; and his playing, as recorded by Columbia (Set X-176, $2.50), is not invariably clear. I prefer Cortot's performance, of which the old recording (Victor 7331/2) still sounds good.

One of Strauss's better songs, "Heimkehr," on a Columbia single disc (17213-D, $.75), is sung by Suzanne Sten, who turns out to have a sumptuously beautiful alto voice which she uses with first-rate musical taste. Occasionally in this song, however, her use of it produces a strong tremolo which is particularly bad in "Cäcilie," one of Strauss's poorer songs, on the reverse side. On another single (17214-D, $.75) is the little Sonata a quattro of Alessandro Scarlatti resurrected by Music Press Inc., which has a first and a second movement that are moderately interesting, and is well played by the Stuyvesant Quartet. On still another single (70348-D, $1) Bartok's "A Bit Drunk" for piano succeeds in conveying the impression of someone with the staggers, and his "Quarrel" the impression of a quarrel; and if that is what you want you can have it, with Dohnányi's no more consequential "Ruralia Hungarica" on the reverse side, well played, as far as I can tell, by Kilenyi.

Volume 2 of "The Voice of Poetry" (Set 419, $5) offers poems ranging from Shakespeare to T. S. Eliot, well spoken by John Gielgud. As for Sir Henry Wood's Fantasia on British Sea Songs (Set X-175, $2.50), it is, I think, something for the English rather than the American taste, with its bugle calls of the British Navy at the beginning and "God Save the King" at the end, and its few good tunes in between in a heavy sea of Wood's orchestral arrangement and performance—to say nothing of the heavy wavering in pitch that may be a peculiarity of my review set.

To what I have written about Columbia's recent orchestral recording I will add my impression that the trouble includes a deficiency in low vibration-frequencies, which is what I think makes the highs so thin and shrill and the over-all sound so hollow and wooden.

B. H. HAGGIN

ART

High Brazil

STRICTURES of the sort the Museum of Modern Art heretofore has drawn upon itself are likely to be called forth by its new exhibition, the show of paintings, fresco studies, prints, and sketches by Candido Portinari of Brazil. The censures in past seasons had reference to the museum's propensity, evident in the quality of some of its exhibits, to confuse its function, which is that of an institution for the propagation of artistic values, with that of an educational plant—the dissemination of knowledge. The newer complaints are certain to be excited by what cannot but be felt to be an unhappy identification of his happy double powers on the part of the museum's principal and well-intending patron, Mr. Nelson Rockefeller, in the act of housing the current bulky show in Fifty-third Street.

These double powers, those of guardian of the muses and coordinator of commercial and cultural relations between the American republics, coincide to an extent, can be exercised in combination. American no less than European plastic work exhibiting a relation to "the best that has been known and said in the world," it very properly is the ward of a museum director. To constitute such a subject, the work, however, must bear a full relationship to "culture." Otherwise it belongs in other hands, in others' precincts. And this relationship, the young Brazilian's not uninteresting, in some respects striking art manifests in a measure as yet insufficient to justify its present prominent situation.

It attempts, this earnest work, the projection of Brazilian folkways and folklore through adaptations of European classic and modern idioms and styles. Among them are Piero della Francesca's serene architectural designs, Magnasco's febrile, spookish impressionism, Picasso's monolithic females or female monoliths—one never knows precisely which they are—and the phantasmagorias of Lurçat and other surrealists. But while Portinari is a draftsman, most potently in certain black-and-whites, as a colorist he still is inexpert. His color tends to spottiness; only rarely has he succeeded in drawing and giving motion to his figures with it. In one or two instances the blood-red has a swell and dynamism—cognoscenti claim the hue is that of his natal coffee-bearing earth; and he knows effective ways of throwing shadowy masses about the light, white centers of his compositions. Generally, however, he is constrained to indicate rhythmic motion through outlines and the wild gestures of the figures, and static, even empty areas protrude in his best canvases.

This is not in the least to say that some of his paintings are not at home in the museum. Such a still-life as Duck and Jar distinctly possesses paint quality, and a feeling of space and blowing atmosphere pervades more than one fresco. The patterns in some of the lithographs are most imaginative. Neither is it to say that Mr. Rockefeller was unwise in bringing a Portinari exhibition to these shores. The personality of the artist is worth attention. Evidently he is a man in whom genuine experience is struggling to find its form: feelings about the inertia of the tropics and the brutality and evanescence of human life, tragic and comic feelings about the earthy and jazzy ways of the Brazilian Negroes, feelings of social concern and social sympathy. That numerous of his fellow-countrymen resent his art seems proof of its realism. Still, the fact remains that it is doubtful whether the business of filling the museum's main rooms with a Portinari exhibition—an exhibition at that the season's initial one—does much to brighten the values in whose interests museums presumably exist.

PAUL ROSENFELD

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Letters to the Editors

Postal Referendum

Dear Sirs: The great task before this country is to discover and put into operation some means of making this democracy work with speed and precision. Here is a suggestion for streamlining our democracy:

1. Establish a local office in each Congressional district and file there the names and addresses of all registered voters.

2. Make fifty-two divisions of the names, by chance, and each week mail ballot cards to all the voters of one division asking their opinion on the outstanding issue of the week. Rotate the divisions and thus touch every voter at least once a year. On vital issues poll several divisions or all of them.

3. Send each voter two cards, a yes-card and a no-card. The voter will destroy one card and return the other postage free. The cards will be prepunched to fit standard automatic sorting and counting machines. The sorting machines should be located in public places where the people could see their opinions being "weighed."

The idea is to provide the information that will keep the government from getting too far ahead or too far behind public opinion; and to give every one of us a sense of active participation in the policies of our country. The cost would not be great; ten cents per year per voter would cover it. The initial cost of one battleship would operate the system for ten years. Both are needed to save democracy in this mad world. Public demand would assure adequate radio and newspaper discussion of the issues before the sample votes were taken.

Such a proposal would receive support from many quarters:

The President: It would provide him with vital information that would help him to make the quick decisions needed in these critical times.

The Secretary of State: A foreign policy securely based on established public opinion, known here and abroad, is the only kind that can have any effective meaning in a democracy.

The Congress: What Congressman would object to having exact information about the desires of the voters in his own district?

Business men: Exact knowledge of the basic trends in public opinion would encourage long-term planning.

The average person: Nothing pleases a man so much as to be asked for an opinion on an important matter, especially one involving his own destiny. Politics would become a matter of routine business rather than a disruptive force. People could get on with their own jobs in the secure expectation of steady social progress without any fear of dictatorship. W. P. CORTELYOU

Norris, Tenn., October 16

Not Licked Yet!

Dear Sirs: I have read with interest the prognosis of Mr. Charles Malcolmson, dated August 26. So Britain is licked, is she! Let me tell him that she is far from licked and instead is handing out a licking to the might and spite of Adolf Hitler.

If Mr. Malcolmson had been in London last Sunday he would have seen the Hurricanes and Spitfires, manned by mere lads, tear the guts out of the Nazi hordes in the air. He would have seen the men, women, and children of the mean streets of London Southeast dancing in the streets for joy—not shivering in dugouts or air-raid shelters—and cheering themselves hoarse as each bomber and fighter was blasted to bits.

I wish he could meet some of the merchant jacks who have been mined, bombed, and machine-gunned four and five times in a month. Has he forgotten that millions of tons of shipping clear our ports weekly? Has he forgotten that Canadians, Maoris, and Aussies are arriving constantly and are being re-equipped and reshipped to the Near East to meet Benito and Company.

The technicalities of his thesis I will not bother to comment on, but I would ask him what he thinks the Coastal Command will be doing while the Germans are clearing the sea lanes for their mosquito craft and barges. Maybe it will sit back and say, "What's the use, we had better quit." Not on your life. Every man, woman, and child is going to do his humble bit—no matter how small—and they will survive for happier, better, and greater things, despite Adolf Hitler and the armchair strategists.

J. B. WILSON, General Treasurer,
National Union of Seamen

North Cranleigh, Surrey, England
September 25

Two-Party Government

Dear Sirs: Max Lerner is always interesting. I found him not less so than usual in his review of my book, "The Politics of Democracy," in *The Nation* for September 2, in the course of which he disagreed with me on such a fundamental point that I am tempted to take up the cudgels in behalf of my interpretation of our American party system. Mr. Lerner regards my volume as a defense of two-party government in America, as indeed it is. "Therein lies its merit," he states, "and in the face of an Iron Age to come perhaps also its weakness." One cannot but be aware of the grave dangers threatening two-party government in the world today, but Mr. Lerner concludes his analysis by urging that our parties should stand for strongly divergent points of view and demand the strongest loyalty of their followers. I question whether this is likely to be the pattern of the future or is even a tenable objective in theory. For inevitably, if political life is to take this direction, the cleavages within society will be deepened and that area of common agreement wherein men may safely agree to disagree will be narrowed.

Throughout his review Mr. Lerner argues that unless our parties represent clearly divergent social philosophies they may obstruct "the relatively swift changes in economic organization necessary for national survival today." But it still remains to be proved that our present party procedure cannot make the changes requisite for the survival of American democracy. Under any circumstances it would be suicidal to throw overboard the very basis of agreement upon which that survival rests in the fear that our procedures might eventually fail.

With respect to my thesis that both innovation and conservatism are essential elements of the democratic process, Mr. Lerner is reminded of "Lincoln's story about the woman who stood watching the struggle between her husband and a bear and shouted encouragingly to both, 'Go it, husband! Go it, bear!' " That is an amusing story; but unfortunately it is relevant here only in so far as the conflict between innovation and conservatism is similar to a conflict between a husband and a bear. Mr. Lerner has not told us whether the

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husband represents innovation and the bear conservatism, but presumably that is the analogy. In that event cheers from the sidelines are not likely to determine the outcome. If Mr. Lerner wishes to simplify processes of social change to the plane of a husband-bear struggle, their death grapple means that the processes of democratic adjustment have already failed. I must insist that this conclusion is premature.

Mr. Lerner argued that "the moderation of our party system was achieved to start with only by the extremism of our revolution." In my judgment this is a serious misreading of history. Party government as we know it today was not accepted as a workable concept until men had left far behind the extremism that bred mutual suspicion concerning the fundamental loyalties of the opposing party toward the governmental system itself. The Federalists were feared as potential monarchists, and the Republicans under Jefferson were regarded as Jacobins and revolutionaries. But this is ancient history.

Of immediate importance is the question whether or not our parties can continue to perform a useful role despite their negative characteristics. "If the parties become too colorless for real loyalties," Mr. Lerner asks, "what substitute will men come to believe in?" The answer to this is not simple or singular, but the answers lie about us none the less. Some voters give their loyalty to the individual leader, some vote for their party symbol, regardless of content, others seek their interests through a more direct means. For labor there is the union movement, with its traditions, symbols, and tangible satisfactions. For farmers there is a farm movement that has taken its course through the years, unhampered by loyalty to any one political party. Surely business men are not dependent upon the G. O. P. for making their influence felt in public affairs. In other words, so long as a two-party system keeps power contingent upon winning the next election, no one group of politicians is likely to become so intrenched in power that the multifarious groups making up the community will find their avenues of communication to the government or to a broader public choked by the domination of a single national political machine. All logical men would agree with Mr. Lerner that "the party that wins should come into power with a clear notion of why it was elected and what it wants to do," but our political parties are not a single mind nor do voters support a party for a single clear reason. The politics of democracy is as varied, emotional, and intellectual as the people of this great continent. No amount of exhortation can make us consistent and orderly, but we can still use our parties as workable devices for the alternation of those holding political power. This is no small preparation for the "Iron Age to come."

PENDLETON HERRING

Cambridge, Mass., October 15

Internationalism in Reverse

Dear Sirs: I. F. Stone's series of articles on Aviation's Sitdown Strike carried certain implications which I trust you did not miss. From the facts set forth it is clear that in supplying Nazi Germany with air weapons our business men were only following the well-established practice of increasing our exports as expressed in money terms, not in barter. They were not interested in developing our home market. That would have been rank nationalism, whereas selling airplanes and airplane parts abroad belongs to the sacred category of "international trade," which is supposed to unite nations in universal good-will after the good old British pattern. Following out the formula, we now have to conscript our men and material, establish a war economy, and load ourselves with debt to prevent Hitler's conquest of the world—a kind of internationalism in reverse. An isolated "hermit nation," following a policy of economic nationalism, could not possibly have brought about such a tragic world muddle as we are in today. It took the fanatics of "world commerce" to achieve that.

HERMAN DEKKER

Portland, Ore., October 8

Engels and Hicks

Dear Sirs: The Nation's readers now know what Granville Hicks thinks about Marxism (see your issue of September 28). It may interest them to know what Engels thought about Hicksism. For example, Granville Hicks writes: "When, in the face of a growing body of evidence, it [Marxism] insists that economic change is the only change that is necessary, we are obliged to challenge it." Engels wrote to Block (September 21, 1890): "According to the materialist conception of history the determining element in history is ultimately the production and reproduction in real life. More than this neither Marx nor I have ever asserted. If therefore somebody twists this into the statement that the economic element is the *only* determining one, he transforms it into a meaningless, abstract, and absurd phrase."

Engels points out here as elsewhere that "various elements . . . political, legal, philosophical theories, religious ideas . . . exercise their influence upon the course of historical struggles and in many cases preponderate in determining their form . . . even the traditions which haunt human minds also play a part." And so on, winding up with this: "Unfortunately, however, it happens only too often that people think they have fully understood a theory and can apply it without more ado from the moment they have mastered its main principles, and these even not always correctly. And I cannot exempt many of the more recent 'Marxists' from this reproach, for the most wonderful rubbish has been produced from this quarter too."

WALTER LOWENFELS

Philadelphia, October 10

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